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THE

CHURCHYARD LYRIST.

CONSISTING OF

VE HUNDRED ORIGINAL INSCRIPTIONS

To commemorate the Dead,

With a suitable Selection of appropriate Texts of Scripture.

BY G. MOGRIDGE.

"For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return"—*Gen.* iii. 19.

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PREFACE.

The object of the present Volume is to offer to the Public a greater variety of original epitaphs than has hitherto appeared, the want of such variety having generally led to the repetition of common-place and inapplicable inscriptions.

The sacred Scriptures will ever be the most suitable source of inscriptions for the grave, but the affections of human beings continually call for a more definite

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reference to the departed than a Scriptural quotation can supply.

The influence of epitaphs on society is of a salutary kind. A churchyard is a volume whose admonitions are usually sought when the heart is best prepared to receive them; and he who is softened and impressed by reflections on the dead is not likely to indulge in bitterness and injustice towards the living.

The most simple classification of youth, maturity, and age has been adopted in composing the inscriptions, with little reference to rank and those distinctions in society, which in this life are so precarious, and which death utterly destroys.

At the same time, the diversified cha-

racter of life and the varied circumstances of dissolution have not been disregarded.

The epitaphs are thrown together promiscuously in the Volume, to impart a variety which may recommend it to the general Reader.

As the Churchyard Lyrist is intended to be practically and generally useful, it is adapted to different degrees of intelligence. Originality and taste, however desirable, affect, comparatively, but a few, while the many are more accessible to the plainer precepts of piety and morality.

The considerate will not object to the numerous instances in which the Author has availed himself of the thoughts of other

writers: without this indulgence, the difficulty of preparing the present publication would have been as much increased, as the interest of the work would have been diminished.

A recent publication has, in a degree, supplied the want of original epitaphs, but not so amply as to render the present work unnecessary. The whole of the inscriptions now offered to the public were written some time before the publication of Doctor Booker made its appearance.

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THE

CHURCHYARD LYRIST.

1.

How sweet it is to read, mid earthly woes,
Of that bless'd heaven where righteous men repose!
Alas! the holy Book of truth and grace
Speaks, too, of hell, the sinner's dwelling-place.

By every power that human breasts can move—
By endless wrath and everlasting love—
Shun thou that burning gulph, I thee conjure;
Thy Saviour seek, and joy and heaven secure.

2.

The Grave can neither withhold the righteous from happiness, nor protect the wicked from unutterable woe.

3.

Why call we that a place of gloom,
A spot for woe and weeping,
Where, peaceful in the silent tomb,
Our dearest friends are sleeping?

O rather strew fresh flowerets round,
Their heavenly hopes relating,
Who, slumbering here in holy ground,
For golden crowns are waiting.

4.

She conducted herself as became a Child of God, giving the clearest evidence that she had not received the grace of God in vain.

5.

Nature, when *he* lost his breath,
Weeping cried, "The hand of Death!"
Faith, with finger rais'd above,
Whisper'd, "'Tis the hand of Love."

6.

Mortal man, what art thou seeking?
What is all thy worldly trust?
Hark! the deep-ton'd grave is speaking:
"*Earth to earth, and dust to dust!*"

If thou hast not known repentance,
Slave of sin and worldly lust,
Oh, how dreadful is the sentence—
Earth to earth, and dust to dust!

Christian, if thy heart be humble,
Heaven is thine amid the just;
Though ten thousand worlds should crumble
Earth to earth, and dust to dust.

7.

Sorrow tried him;—Faith sustain'd him;—
Earth has lost, and Heaven has gain'd him.

8.

A fellow mortal, beloved and lamented, moulders in the dust. We mark not the stone with his praises: but when the grave shall render up its dead, and the secrets of all hearts shall be known, then will it be made manifest whose he is, and whom he has served.

9.

The sceptred hand, the anointed head,
Must moulder with the silent dead;
For worldly pomp, and kingly power,
Are but the pageants of an hour.

Where breasts with proud ambition swell,
Oh, what a tale is this to tell!
If kings the shrond of death must wear,
Canst *thou* do better than prepare?

10.

Though 'neath this rudely sculptur'd stone,
Unconsciously I lie alone;
Though here I moulder, dark and deep,
Weep not for me: why shouldst thou weep?

The cares that crowd thy earthly lot—
Thy griefs—thy tears—I know them not.
No dire diseases o'er me creep:—
Weep not for me: why shouldst thou weep?

Ere long, this mouldering dust shall fly
With angel wings to yonder sky;
And golden harvests gladly reap:—
Weep not for me: why shouldst thou weep?

When from his throne my Saviour cries,
"Who rest in Christ, awake! arise!"
His voice will rouse me from my sleep:
Weep not for me: why shouldst thou weep?

If mourn thou must, mourn thy past years;
Shed o'er thy sins repentant tears;
Weep for thyself, with anguish deep,
Weep not for me: why shouldst thou weep?

11.

If death be hard to bear as the end of temporal pain, how may it be endured as the beginning of eternal woe?

12.

Here is laid, in sweet repose,
All a saint awhile can lose,
Gloriously to be resum'd,
When this earth shall be entomb'd
In a more complete decay,
And these heavens shall pass away.

13.

We know not why our little innocents were removed; but, as they were given in mercy, we believe that in mercy they were taken away.

14.

These hillocks green, and mouldering bones,
These gloomy tombs, and letter'd stones,
One sad and solemn truth supply:—
Art ready, reader? *thou must die.*

A thousand joys may warm thy breast;
Ten thousand cares disturb thy rest;
Thy heart may beat; thy soul may sigh:
Art ready, reader? *thou must die.*

Eternal death has dire alarms;
Eternal life unnumber'd charms;
A hell below; a heaven on high:
Art ready, reader? *thou must die.*

15.

As a wayward child my heavenly Father corrected me; as a chastened penitent he called me to his bosom.

16.

Hope not, vain mortal, that a sculptur'd bust
Can give an immortality to dust:
The proudest potentate that fills a throne
Will soon, alas! be nothing, and unknown.

"Who rais'd you mouldering monument?" I sigh'd,
And paus'd for a reply: but none replied.
Time pass'd me by, and answer'd with a frown,
"Whoever rais'd it, *I* will pull it down."

17.

Baby, baby, sleeping baby,
No rude sound shall break thy rest;
Here thy little head shall slumber
Soft as on thy mother's breast.
While the noisy world about thee
In confusion rumbles by,
Peace shall linger here, and give thee
One eternal lullaby.

Softly! did I say, "eternal?"
O, no, that may never be:
There are realms of joy and glory
High in heaven reserv'd for thee.

When the trump that wakes the wicked
Bids them every hope resign;
Though their ears with terrors tingle,
Whispers soft shall breathe in thine—

"Baby, baby, sleeping baby,
Wake thee with immortal charms;
Light, and love, and heaven are round thee:
Thou art in thy Saviour's arms.
Jesus waits, and places gently
Glory's crown upon thy brow;
Rise, and with thy spirit praise him:
Heaven was made for such as thou."

18.

The lowly tenant of this grave design'd
No mighty deed to benefit mankind;
From youth to age he pass'd his little span,
An honest, inoffensive, labouring man.

If this be praise, while in the world we dwell,
To do our duty, and to do it well,
A brighter lustre to this stone is lent
Than shines round many a marble monument.

19.

Art thou a thoughtless child of mirth?
Stay: for beneath this hallow'd earth
The young, the beautiful, reposes;
This grave her alter'd form incloses.

Thy heart O let the moral reach!
O let the dead the living teach!
Trifler, prepare, for life is fleet,
Prepare, prepare, thy God to meet.

Art thou a child of sorrow? Stay;
For comfort can this grave convey:
She, who must here till doomsday sleep,
How early has she ceas'd to weep!
How large a recompence in heaven
To her—for she was Christ's—is given!
Lean thou on Christ, he soon shall turn
To smiles their tears who meekly mourn.

20.

If to lack the knowledge of the world be ignorance, he was ignorant. If to know him whom to know is life eternal be wisdom, he was wise.

21.

O there is a heaven of enjoyment and love,
All lightsome, and glorious, and free:
If thou hast not lifted thy thoughts above,
That heaven is no heaven for thee.

The Saviour has suffer'd pain, peril, and loss,
That the sinner salvation might see:
If thou art not found at the foot of his cross,
That salvation is not for thee.

A hell should affright thee, a heaven should allure;
Thy life, O how short it may be!
Think, then, what thy soul may enjoy or endure,
And let Christ be a Saviour to thee.

22.

If thou art bound by pleasure's spell,
By pride and passion driven;
A thousand paths may lead to hell,
One only leads to heaven.

O wouldst thou dwell, with raptur'd eyes,
Near God's eternal throne?
"I am the way!" the Saviour cries:
Walk in that way alone.

23.

Were tombs proportion'd to desert alone,
Thou wouldst not read this simply-letter'd stone;
For then His honour'd dust, o'er which we sigh,
Entomb'd beneath a pyramid would lie.

24.

O God! if sinners did but know the doom
That waits the wicked when beyond the tomb;
As drowning sailors struggling in the sea
Cry out aloud, so would they call on thee:
Oppress'd with terror, call, ere life were o'er,
"O save us! or we perish evermore."

25.

The stone that flatters the dead deceives the living.

26.

As some kind parent, when beguil'd,
Rebukes the son he loves the best,
Then fondly calls the chasten'd child
And clasps him closer to his breast;—

So, when the trial-hour was past,
And he the thorny path had trod,
His aching bosom found at last
A Friend and Father in his God.

27.

This world is a desert where beautiful flowers
Are hid by the weeds from sight;
But God has prepar'd celestial bowers,
Where never comes weed nor blight.

And thither the choicest he first removes,
For ever and ever to bloom;
And when he has gather'd in all he loves,
The flames shall the rest consume:—

Even all who to slight his grace have dar'd,
And died in mortal sin;
For a furnace fierce has his wrath prepar'd,
And the weeds shall be cast therein.

28.

Affliction dug this grave for me,
And Time is digging thine for thee.

29.

Reader, to thee it is not given
On themes of bliss alone to dwell;
That Holy Book which proffers heaven
Appals us with the pains of hell.

But if thy hope on Him relies
Who promis'd mansions bright and fair,
Thine humbled heart will ne'er despise
The dread abode of dark despair.

30.

He labour'd in the fields his bread to gain,
He plough'd, he sow'd, he reap'd the yellow grain;
And now, by death from future service driven,
Is gone to keep his harvest-home in heaven.

31.

He adorned the doctrine of God his Saviour by a holy life, and illustrated the power of the Gospel in a happy death.

32.

Hark! hark! a cry is gone abroad from every peopled plain,
It sweeps along the sounding shore, it murmurs from the main;
From every varied spot of earth where human creatures be,
It loudly echoes through the land, and spreads from sea to sea.
From palace wall, and humble cot,—from town and village lone,—
From every newly-open'd grave, and every churchyard stone,—
In every language under heaven, a voice repeats the cry,—
"*Thy days are number'd, mortal man; and thou art born to die.*"

Whate'er thy state may be, whate'er the paths thy feet have trod,
Forsake thy sins, and lowly kneel, and seek the Lord thy God.
Prepare thee for the bed of death, though now thy bosom burn;
For dust thou art, and suddenly to dust shalt thou return.
What though ten thousand flattering tongues conspire to praise thee now,
Though glittering stars adorn thy breast, and diadems thy brow;—

Mid all thy dreams of earthly bliss, thou soon
shalt hear the cry,
*Thy days are number'd, mortal man; and thou
art doom'd to die.*

33.

We have followed him through the chequered scenes of his eventful pilgrimage, and have seen how a man of God can live and die.

34.

Farewell, my babe; no more I press
Thy form of light and loveliness:
All knew, who gaz'd on thy sweet face,
It was an angel's dwelling-place.

And if that realm where thou art now
Be fill'd with beings such as thou,
From sin preserv'd, from sorrow freed,
Then heaven must be a heaven indeed.

35.

O hast thou whisper'd in thine heart,
"I am too young to die,"
When thousands, younger than thou art,
In death and darkness lie?

To summon thee to meet thy doom,
How quick may be the call!
E'en while thou bendest o'er my tomb,
The dart of Death may fall.

36.

The name inscribed on this Record of Death will perish in the dust; but it is written also in the Book of Life, where it will endure for ever.

37.

Though all thy piety and love
Our sorrowing hearts remember well;
Yet would we raise our thoughts above,
Nor idly on thy virtues dwell.

Unhallow'd incense shall not rise,
Where Death has triumph'd o'er thy doom;
Nor Flattery fling her vanities
O'er the pale tenant of the tomb.

With heavenly aid we hope and trust
To follow where thy steps have trod;
And leave thy body in the dust,
Believing that thou art with God.

38.

Doom'd o'er the watery waste to roam,
Full oft he brav'd the tempest's strife,
Till his Redeemer call'd him home,
And he was shipwreck'd into life.

39.

She is gone to the land where the care-worn and weary
Enjoy the sweet rapture of sacred repose;
She has quitted for ever this wilderness dreary,
And bid a long farewell to time and its woes.

While on earth she was lov'd, and we deeply deplore her:
But, Ah! shall a murmur escape from our breast?
Do you ask how she liv'd? She set heaven before her.
Do you ask how she died? In the faith of the bless'd.

40.

When Fear assail'd, Faith bade the phantom flee;
Sin bound him fast, but Christ has set him free.

41.

If thou hast never stepp'd aside
From Wisdom's ways and Virtue's track;
If thou hast met Temptation's tide,
And beaten every billow back;

Then wilt thou, as thou passest by,
The faults of others freely scan,
And gazing with an angry eye,
Severely judge thy fellow-man.

But, Oh! if led by Folly's lure,
Thy feet in erring paths have trod;
If Self-Reproach thy breast endure,
And secret Sorrow's chastening rod;

Then wilt thou pause and ponder well,
And purge from bitterness thy mind;
And thy full heart will gladly dwell
In brotherhood with all mankind.

42.

Though the wicked man may laugh in his life, the good man alone can smile in his death.

43.

Will Time give vigour to thine health?
Preserve the charms that Nature gave?
Add countless riches to thy wealth?
Go ask the grave: go ask the grave.

Where are the stores that Knowledge brings?
The spoils and trophies of the brave?
The pride of all created things?
Go ask the grave: go ask the grave.

For bliss, above must mortals go?
Can nought their earthly glories save?
Will all things perish here below?
Go ask the grave: go ask the grave.

44.

Though Virtue made him doubly dear,
Mourn not, ye good and wise;
His spirit, though his dust lies here,
Is happy in the skies.

We boast not now his rank and birth:
This monument is given
To tell, not what he was on earth,
But what he is in heaven.

45.

Sleep, for thou hast need of rest:
Thou hast suffer'd much—be blest.
He thou lovedst chas'd thy fears,
Now he also dries thy tears.
Sleep in him a little while,
Then, awaking with a smile,
Rous'd by the archangel's voice,
Spring to meet him, and rejoice
In the glory where his grace
Has prepar'd for thee a place.

46.

Think not, ye proud, a little marble stone,
Though fairly form'd and fashion'd, can atone
For want of kindly deeds, or bid survive
A fame that ye deserve not when alive.

When moulders in the dust the mortal frame,
The noble and ignoble are the same.
If ye amid the sons of men would blend
Your fame and glory, learn to be their friend;
Do good to man, and, through each fleeting hour,
Acknowledge Him who gave you all your power:
Do this, ye proud, lest ye should seek in vain
That heaven the lowly only shall attain.

47.

How poor are the gilded escutcheons and the perishing records of the mouldering marble, when compared with the well-grounded hope that the spirit of the departed is with God!

48.

Baby! on a kinder bosom
  Than thy mother's thou art sleeping;
His, whose gentler voice shall rouse thee,
  Not like hers to still thy weeping;
Now thou hast no tears to dry,
Thou needest now no lullaby:

But to breathe divinest rapture
  Through thy recreated spirit,
And to fill thee with the glory
  Jesus gives thee to inherit.
Fare thee well, until we meet
To pour thanksgivings at his feet.

49.

So falls to earth the ripen'd grain;
'Tis buried, but to rise again.

50.

If thou art trampling on thy fellow-man,
And impiously despising Him on high,
I fain would warn thee that this fearful ban
Hangs o'er thy short-liv'd being, "Thou shalt die."
And Oh! though learn'd in Sorrow's deepest gloom,
No withering words, pronounc'd by mortal breath,
Could shadow forth the irrevocable doom
Of that tremendous curse—"Eternal death."

If thou, repentant, humbly seekest peace
Through thy Redeemer, God that peace will give:
I bid thee in thy confidence increase,
And tell thee, that in glory thou shalt live:
And flaming seraph's, or archangel's tongue,
With heavenly minstrelsy and rapture rife,
Would fail to make thee comprehend in song
The boundless blessing of "eternal life."

51.

I died: and thou who hast my Grave in view,
With every passing hour art dying too.

52.

We gaz'd upon her sunny brow,
When deck'd with beauty and with bloom:
But Oh, how chang'd and faded now,
Thou pale-fac'd tenant of the tomb!

Yet, haply, may we learn from thee,—
Thy early doom in mercy given,—
A fair and flattering world to flee,
And trust for bliss alone in Heaven.

53.

If earth be fill'd with pain and woe,
Weep not that I lie here:
If heaven with love and rapture glow,
Rejoice,—my soul is there.

54.

While yet of tender years and weak,
Affliction bade her frame decline;
And legibly upon her cheek
Consumption wrote, *The Maid is mine.*

But ere she dropp'd into the grave,
Mercy her cordial draught had given;
And Hope and Faith their record gave,
And said, *The Maid is mark'd for Heaven.*

55.

Does the Grave affright thee?
Learn to look beyond it.

56.

Fast bound to earth, the light balloon is bent,
With eager haste amid the clouds to rise:
Awhile it lingers, till its cords are rent,
Then springs triumphantly towards the skies.
So did He soar, when the last bolt was hurl'd,
All earthly joys and earthly woes to sever;
Wing'd o'er the waves of this revolving world,
And on the "Rock of Ages" stands for ever.

57.

Christian, thy life is register'd on high:
Here mayst thou sleep awhile, but canst not die.

58.

It was thought by the world that he died poor; and poor he was, indeed, in worldly riches: but he had, for years, been laying up treasures "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

59.

Stranger! this is a Soldier's Grave,
And simple and short is his story;
He fell not in battle among the brave,
Though he bled in the ranks of glory.

He sicken'd and died, for his hour was come,
His comrades around him condoling:
We bore him away to his long, long home,
The muffled drum mournfully rolling.

Slowly we march'd, nor utter'd a word;
Our faces with sorrow were clouded,
As we gaz'd on the cap, and the glove, and the sword,
While he in his coffin was shrouded.

In the dark cold grave we laid him low,
Nor wasted our time in repining;
Three volleys we gave with our muskets, to shew
That a soldier's bones were reclining.

The prayer was said, and we turn'd away,
And struck up a strain lighthearted:
But we could not forget where our comrade lay,
Nor the scene where so late we parted.

We put up this simple stone to tell
That we felt respect and sorrow:
Alas! for us all: for to-day we are well,
And our Graves may be dug to-morrow.

60.

May the sudden bereavement of the estimated individual whose memory this tablet records, be overruled, by the providence of God, for those best purposes for which afflictions are mercifully sent.

61.

The fool for length of life is ever crying;
The wise man knows that he is always dying:
Both seek for happiness, the fool and wise,
The one on earth, the other in the skies.

62.

The graves around, for many a year,
Were dug by him who slumbers here;
Till, worn with age, he dropp'd his spade,
And in this dust his dust is laid.
As he now, mouldering, shares the doom
Of those he buried in the tomb,
So will his body with them rise
To share the Judgment in the skies.

63.

What but the prospect of eternal life can support thee in the pains of temporal death?

64.

Disease o'ertook me in my prime:
I sought Ausonia's balmy shore,
Though bland and genial was the clime,
It could not wasted strength restore.

Yet, as the gentle breezes fann'd
My hectic cheek and burning brow,
Delusive Hope still wav'd her hand,
And spoke of joys I ne'er should know.

At length a still small voice was given
To break the charm that bound me here;
It bade me fix my hopes in Heaven,
And told me that my home was there.

65.

Here an Infant lies asleep:
Can we o'er its slumbers weep,
When we think on what He said
Who hath risen from the dead?—
"Suffer babes to come, for those
And babes in spirit shall compose
My heavenly kingdom, there to be
Through eternity with me."

66.

Thou knowest well, Almighty God, above!
How closely cling thy creatures in their love,
When strong affection every thought controls:—
Forgive the proud rebellion of our souls.

When Thou, whose hand unerring, yet severe,
Smote the lov'd being that lies buried here,
Bad'st us resign, awhile, our kindred clay,
Alas! we had not virtue to obey.

Increasing sickness loud proclaim'd thy will;
But we, rebellious, disobedient still,
Oppos'd thy mighty power, and closer press'd
The dear departing idol to our breast.

E'en when thy voice in thundering accents spoke,
And Pain and Death her thread of being broke,
Conquer'd, but not resign'd, we bent the knee,
And weeping, trembling, gave her up to thee.

67.

While my hopes, my desires, and my pleasures were free,
I died in my childhood, yet weep not for me;
Reserve for thyself all thy sighs and thy tears:
He who dies in his youth cannot sin in his years.

68.

My parents, while on earth you dwell,
Weep not that I am gone before;
For though you lov'd me passing well,
My Lord, my Saviour, lov'd me more.

'Twas He who call'd me up to heaven,
And not the Almighty's vengeful rod:
You could not give what he has given,
Nor guide and guard me like my God.

69.

Wouldst thou be purged from pollution, "the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin."

70.

"The soldier tir'd of war's alarms"
May find repose in Glory's arms;
And he whose feet have swiftest run,
With rapture wear the crown he won.
But not so sweet the warrior's rest
As his who sleeps on Jesus' breast,
Emerging from severer woes,
Triumphant over fiercer foes:
And not such rapture can he know
Who feels upon his glowing brow
The envied crown, as his who gains
A crown of life, and with his Saviour reigns.

71.

Judge not thy hopes by what they *now* appear:
What will their worth be when thou liest *here?*

72.

O, passing stranger, call this not
A place of fear and gloom:
I love to linger o'er the spot—
It is my baby's tomb!

Here morning sunbeams brightly glow;
And here the moonbeam shines;
While all unconsciously below
My slumbering babe reclines.

His little waxen rosy face
I know will soon decay,
And every charm, and every grace,
Will moulder fast away.

But when the sun and moon shall fade,
My baby shall arise,
In brighter beams than theirs array'd,
And reign above the skies.

73.

The lowly tenant of this tomb
In sorrow pass'd the glare and gloom
That mark'd his little day:
Misled by Passion's stormy tide,
And keen desires, and wounded pride,
In thorny paths he wander'd wide
Through many a wildering way.

In life a thousand snares surprise;
Ten thousand evils round us rise,
And none are free from blame.
'Twas his, alas! in evil hour
To see the storm around him lower,
When every tongue was prompt to pour
Reproach upon his name.

Still let thy anger be repress'd:
For many a virtue warm'd his breast,
Though doom'd to sigh and groan.
Refuse not, Reader, then to shed
A tear upon his hapless head;
And, pondering o'er his dusty bed,
Prepare thee for thine own.

74.

Say, hast thou revolv'd, in reflection deep,
Where thy body shall lie in its long last sleep;
And chosen a spot where, unheeded and free,
The earth-worm thy sister and mother shall be?
Still whether entomb'd in the aisle alone
Thou shalt moulder beneath the cold grey stone;
Or whether, adorning the place of thy rest,
The turf and the floweret shall cover thy breast;
What avails it, alas! where the body may dwell,
When thy soul will be summon'd to heaven or hell?

75.

The grave is not a place for blame, and yet we cannot raise
O'er every tenant of the tomb the tribute of our praise:
Didst thou but know the mournful tale of her who moulders here,
Then soft regret would mingle with thine unavailing tear.

76.

Be humble and think on the truth that the grave
Proclaims to the fool and the wise:—
Proud man is at best a poor handful of earth
Which the beggar may pass and despise.

77.

If, Reader, thou art repentant, hope and rejoice. "To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against him." If thou art rebellious, fear and tremble, for verily "our God is a consuming fire."

78.

He was suddenly summoned hence; but his lamp was trimmed, and his light burning.

79.

Wouldst thou be bless'd, plume thy aspiring wings,
And seek with all thy soul eternal things.
All worldly bliss is but an empty breath,
That fails in life and fades away in death.
Fortune may favour, Fancy may beguile,
Hope wave her golden wings and sweetly smile;
But sad Experience, with a brow o'ercast,
Sighing with grief, and pointing to the past,
Whispers, the fair illusion to destroy,
That "joy unmingled is not earthly joy."

80.

How soon shall Satan's realm of dark despair
Be lit with hope? O never! never! never!
How long shall sinners dwell in torment there?
For ever! and for ever! and for ever!

81.

He looked on life as on a picture; found it excellent in design, and passing fair in execution, but painted with colours that faded fast away. The sky was clear, the foreground rich in its tints, the figures around him admirably grouped; but his quick eye discovered Death in the distance. Depressed by the discovery, and sighing for immortality, he laid down his pallet and pencil, and sought celestial scenes, whose prospects are not disfigured by Death, and whose brilliant colours will endure for ever.

82.

His record is on high.

83.

How gladly would the illustrious dead that lie
Enshrin'd in pomp, and pride, and pageantry,
Could they look back and mark with thoughtful brow
The littleness of all things here below;—

How gladly would they, while with honest shame
They read the marble that extols their name,
Pull down the records where their praises shine,
And there inscribe a life and death like thine!

84.

What time the worn and weary rest,
How sweet the thought that they are bless'd!

85.

Remember, my friends, though the sun may shine
bright,
It is well to prepare for the darkness of night;
And amidst the exultings of pleasure to know
What will solace the soul in the season of
woe.

The dearest sensations that gladden the heart,
Are lent for a time, and in time will depart;
But trust them no more for support and repose
Than a butterfly's wing, or the leaf of a rose.

O would you be happy, look round you and see
What the gay, and the proud, and the wealthy
shall be;
To God let your heart and your spirit be given,
For happiness dwells not on earth but in hea-
ven.

86.

This stone is erected, reader, to tell thee that a fellow-mortal is dead, and that thou art dying; to urge thee to consider thy latter end; and earnestly and affectionately to point thee to the Redeemer, through whose merits alone thou canst reasonably hope to leave this world in peace, "in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection to eternal life."

87.

She was a mortal; but such gifts she bore
About her that we almost thought her more:
For every day we saw new graces start
To win our love and shrine her in our heart.

The righteous Ruler of the earth and sky
In mercy mark'd the fond idolatry;
Sever'd the charm, dissolv'd the guilty trust,
And dash'd our beauteous idol to the dust.

88.

When in dust thy dust shall lie,
Whither will thy spirit fly?

89.

As a shepherd he faithfully tended his sheep,
Till old age overtook him, he then fell asleep:
But we trust once again his bright face to behold,
In the flock that the Shepherd of Israel shall fold.

90.

Mortal, hast thou joy or care,
  Check thy mirth, and cease thy sighing:
Thou hast little time to spare:
  Know'st thou not that *thou art dying?*

Work while it is call'd to-day:
  Do thy best, for time is flying:
Seek the true the living way:
  Haste thee, haste, for *thou art dying.*

Death is lingering at thy door:
  Hark! he calls; there's no denying.
Wouldst thou live for evermore,
  Trust in Christ, for *thou art dying.*

91.

He will long be remembered as a bright example of piety, and as a possessor of those gifts and graces which eminently adorn a Christian minister.

92.

While unconscious that danger would shorten my day,
  The pathway of pleasure I trod,
In a moment my spirit was summon'd away,
  And I stood in the presence of God.

In an instant I sank 'neath the shadows of death,
And eternity round me arose:
O, reader, remember that life is a breath!
And a breath may bring thine to its close.

93.

Cheer up, ye followers of the Lamb:
Though grief and pain are given,
Though thousand thorns afflict your feet,
Your pathway leads to heaven.

94.

Vain marble, dost thou hope to give
The good man longer life! O never!
A little longer thou mayst live,
But he, through Christ, will live for ever.

95.

He was suddenly removed from a world of sin and sorrow to the heavenly mansions prepared for him by his Saviour, for the enjoyment of which he was rendered meet "through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth."

96.

Prepare thee, partner of my joys and woes,
To follow and partake of my repose:
As thou hast shar'd my gladness and my gloom,
So must thou share with me the silent tomb.

I yet shall rise, and wing my way with thee
Through the bright realms of immortality;
And say, when I before my God appear,
"The woman that thou gavest me is here."

97.

O Lord God Almighty, how many lose themselves in losing Thee!

98.

I sought my God, for with his will
Affection was at strife;
And there, unknowing good from ill,
Implor'd thy longer life.

But God in love denied my prayer:
More merciful than I,
He mark'd thy griefs with tender care,
And call'd thee to the sky.

Farewell! for though a tear may start,
And grief be check'd in vain,
In "sure and certain hope" we part,
In heaven to meet again.

99.

Men proudly think while they have life and breath,
But humbler thoughts, alas! are known in death;
And they would give the world, so highly priz'd,
For that salvation they before despis'd.

100.

How soon my youth has faded,
And hasten'd to decay!—
Disease my heart invaded,
And took my life away.

No medicine could restore me,
No drug could do me good;
The hand of God was o'er me
And grief my only food.

Of them I leave behind me,
Let me some pity crave:
Here let them come and find me,
And weep upon my grave.

O ye, who Life's gay morning
Consume in joy and glee,
By my decease take warning,
Nor pass by heedlessly.

Think much of human weakness:
From every folly cease;
And live in love and meekness,
That you may die in peace.

101.

To us it appeared mysterious that he should be snatched away in the midst of a life of usefulness; but "my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord."

102.

O God, my trust, what though in dust
My body mouldering be!
By grace divine my soul is thine,
And reigns in heaven with thee.

103.

So yields unto the woodman's blow
The tree which long, in some low glade,
From winter's storm and summer's glow
Has lent a shelter and a shade:
But now, for nobler purpose meet,
It falls,—that it may rise—pride of some gallant fleet.

His mouldering ashes we deplore
A nobler form shall take ere long,
Doom'd to obscurity no more;
But, with festivity and song,
Launch'd, while all heaven stands by to see,
On the pure crystal tide of full felicity.

104.

She was a consistent Christian, and faithfully devoted to the interests of her master and mistress, not only in the day of prosperity, but during the dark season of adversity.

105.

No statue bends in mimic gloom,
Nor marble tears bespeak his doom;
But Friendship and Affection shed
Their living sorrows o'er the dead.

No sculptur'd record spreads his worth
Around this spot of mouldering earth;
But Faith, with heaven-directed eyes,
Stands calmly gazing on the skies.

106.

This stone will tell thee what is known full well,
That all are journeying heavenward, or to hell.
Where others go may well be worth thy knowing
But think, O Reader, which way thou art going.

107.

Here rest the ashes of a Christian warrior, who never wielded lance or sword, and whose hand was guiltless of blood. He wore "the whole armour of God," fought against sin, and conquered in the name of the Most High. No hatchment decorates his tomb; no emblazoned banner floats over his mouldering dust: yet in the great day of account shall he be acknowledged as a faithful soldier of Christ, and be esteemed more than a conqueror.

108.

Cheerful he pass'd his days below,
Though thorny paths his feet had trod;
For he had found in every woe
The mingled mercies of his God:
And they sustain'd him in his fears,
In youth, in manhood, and in years.

In every stage new hopes were lent
To strengthen him in worldly strife,
As messengers of mercy sent
To mitigate the cares of life:
And when, by disappointment driven
Away from earth, they fix'd on heaven.

109.

Though all the wealth of all the world
In sparkling heaps were thine,
Still wert thou poor, amidst thy gains,
Unbless'd with grace divine.

110.

Awhile her spirit suffer'd pain;
With sin and sorrow strove;
Then sprung impatiently to gain
A heaven of joy and love.

Thus bound the light balloon is bent
Amid the clouds to rise—
Waits only till its cords are rent,
Then rushes to the skies.

111.

If thou art young, and vain, and proud,
Gazé on this lonely spot;
No flatterer greets thee in the grave:
Prepare to be forgot.

But dost thou think, fond silly boy,
So gallant, gay, and brave,
That all who smile upon thee now
Will weep upon thy grave?

O no! the nettle and the grass
Will grow around thy stone:
The moss will gather o'er thy name,
And thou wilt rest unknown.

112.

Sleep, thou favour'd child of light!
Soon will pass the dreary night:
Waking, thou the morn shalt see,—
What a glorious morn for thee!
Then thy darkness shall be o'er;
Then thy sun shall set no more;
But with brightest, warmest ray,
Cheer thy everlasting day.

113.

If all must suffer death, the general doom,
Say, art thou ready, Reader, for the tomb?

114.

When the stars of heaven, that shine so bright,
Shall fall to the earth and all be night,
This grave shall send forth a star to the sky,
That shall brightly shine through eternity.

115.

Art thou young, and this world dost thou love?
O why shouldst thou thoughtlessly roam?
Thy Father is calling thy young heart above,
And the beautiful heavens are thy home:
To thy home, truant boy—to thy home!

Hast thou number'd the years of a man?
O think then in time of thine end!
Though thy griefs may be many—though life be a span,
Yet God is thy father and friend:
To thy friend, man of grief—to thy friend!

Art thou aged in years and in woes?
And weary, and worn, and oppress'd?
There's a peace for the pilgrim—a place of repose,
And heaven is appointed for rest:
To thy rest, man of years—to thy rest!

116.

It may be deem'd a meritorious thing
That I should give my life to serve my king:
But O, amazing grace beyond degree!
The King of kings laid down his life for me.

117.

A soldier lies beneath the sod,
Who many a field of battle trod:
When Glory call'd, his breast he bar'd,
And toil, and want, and danger shar'd.
Like him through all thy duties go;
Waste not thy strength in useless woe;
Heave thou no sigh, and shed no tear:
A British soldier slumbers here.

118.

Take, hallow'd earth, the fairest maid
That ever on thy lap was laid,
And let thy sweetest flowerets grace
And breathe around her resting-place.

When springing from the lonely tomb,
Her cheek will wear a fresher bloom;
And still more lovely will she be
Than when we gave her up to thee.

119.

He possessed an abiding confidence in the wisdom, love, and power of his Saviour; and, under many painful vicissitudes, experienced the truth of that promise—"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee."

120.

Would mortals lowly bend the knee,
In seasons of despair,
And make their trouble known to God,—
And God is everywhere,—

Then need they never pass their lives
In sorrow and in gloom;
Nor raise a murmuring thought on high,
Nor tremble at the tomb:

For every whisper reaches heaven
When contrite sinners cry;
And God is swift, in time of need,
His mercy to supply.

121.

One of the best of friends is dead,
And they have laid him here;
Tread lightly on his hallow'd bed,
For death has made it dear.

122.

When from this earthly scene our friends are flown,—
Their wonted haunts—the chamber where they died—
Their place of sepulture and churchyard stone—
O! these are records that are sanctified,
If aught of sanctity amid the tide
Of strong affection may be said to roll.
These in the heart tenaciously abide,
And, while they cling around with sweet control,
Give solace to the mind, and warn the careless soul.

123.

Sinner! if the uncertainty of life alarm thee not, tremble at the irrevocable certainty of death.

124.

As the bright cloud of heaven, in the noon of the day,
He threw gladness around him, then glided away:
Though he moulders in dust, we are free from all fear,
For where God reigns in glory he yet will appear.

125.

Here he lies in desolation;
Saviour, thou his strength wilt be:
All his trust was thy salvation;
All his hope was fix'd on thee.

Every path through which he wander'd—
Every prize he proudly won—
Every thought his bosom ponder'd—
Every deed in frailty done—

Every vain, impatient token—
Every base, unworthy part—
Every word in error spoken—
Every folly of his heart—

All require thy expiation:
Thou his frailties wilt forgive;
Thou wilt grant him thy salvation;
Thou hast died, and he shall live.

126.

Tread lightly, if the grace be given
To reverence earthly thing;
A Christian is an heir of heaven:
Thou treadest on a king.

127.

He calmly met his latter end:
The Friend of Sinners was his friend.
Nor need he e'en the judgment fear,
For Christ his Saviour will be there.

128.

O what a senseless fool is man to swallow
The bubbles of the world, so light and hollow;
To drink its frothy draughts in careless mood,
And live upon such empty, airy food!

Life is, at best, a transitory glow;
A momentary breath of weal and woe:
Our moments pass as though we did despise them,
And when we cannot have them, then we prize them.

Wouldst thou reverse this sinful strange behaviour,
Then call thou on thy Guardian and thy Saviour:
Repentant, at his feet adoring fall;
Make him thy Lord, thy God, thy hope, thy all.

129.

As a lowly follower of his Saviour he adorned the doctrines of the Gospel: he visited the sick, comforted the afflicted, and went about doing good to the souls and bodies of men. He proclaimed the glad tidings of salvation, and warned sinners to "flee from the wrath to come." Through all his pilgrimage, he cast his burdens on Him who had promised to sustain them; and calmly passed the dark valley of the shadow of death, fearing no evil, being comforted by the rod and staff of his Redeemer.

130.

Were there no monuments but such as stood
To mourn the wise, the tender, and the good,
Though many a marble tomb might disappear,
Yet this rude stone would still be standing here.

131.

"Die!" said the Justice Adam first
Provok'd by disobedient pride:
Sprung from a parent so accurs'd,
He paid the penalty and died.

But "Live!" eternal Mercy said;
"For life the second Adam gives,
Who suffer'd in the sinner's stead:"—
He heard, believ'd, and now he lives.

132.

By all belov'd, and full of love to all,
Death shock'd her friends, but could not her appal:
She pass'd serenely to the realms above,
Upborne by arms of everlasting love.

133.

Bethink thee, Reader, all are born to die.
How many underneath these hillocks lie!
Their lives are past, and thine will soon be o'er;
Think now, if thou hast never thought before.

134.

They who labour for the world shall receive the wages of the world, in temporary honours and riches that "make to themselves wings," and "fly away." They who serve God shall be recompensed by God;—here with "a peace that passeth understanding," and hereafter with "an exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

135.

He pass'd a life of mingled cares,
Such is the lot of man below,
Till age's grey and silvery hairs
Were thinly scatter'd on his brow.

He liv'd through many a grief, to prove
That God could guard and guide him well;
He died to find that God is love,
And with him evermore to dwell.

136.

The brightest earthly hope is but a brilliant bubble bursting against a tombstone.

137.

Bethink thee, sinner, wandering wide astray,
Of the dread horrors of the judgment-day:
Better that now the thought oppress thy soul
Than floods of wrath for ever o'er thee roll.

Will God, indeed, pronounce, with changeless ire,
"Depart, ye cursed, into quenchless fire?"
Read for thyself; take not from me the token:
I only speak the words that God has spoken.

138.

Reader, if thou thinkest lightly of the happiness and misery of another world, remember that millions of ages crowding on millions of ages—millions of ages crowding on millions of ages—and again, millions of ages crowding on millions of ages—are but the beginning of eternity.

139.

I heard a fearful voice, and fell supine:
'Twas Death that spoke—"The sons of men are mine!"

140.

Believer, shrink not from thy body's doom,
For Christ thy Saviour slumber'd in the tomb:
Take courage then, and Faith shall comfort give—
Sure as he died, so sure thy soul shall live.

141.

A child of Adam,—"dust to dust"
His body here was given;
A child of Jesus,—with the just
His spirit lives in heaven.

142.

Give not sleep to thine eyes, nor slumber to thine eyelids, till thou hast sought that hope of eternal life which is freely offered in the Gospel of the Redeemer. This hope shall animate thy soul, give thee peace in the troublous storms of life, and, amid the fears and darkness of expiring nature, rush as a flaming angel to rescue thee from destruction.

143.

Gaze on his Grave, thou passer-by,
  Who paths of trouble trod;
And learn from him, in all thy woes,
  To put thy trust in God.

Then, wading through thy sorrows deep,
  They shall not thee o'erflow;
And all uninjur'd shalt thou pass
  Where fiercest trials glow.

Fear not the flood; despise the flame;
  Thy God through Christ adore:
He was, he is the Sinner's Friend,
  And will be evermore.

144.

I sought from sickness to be free,
  But Death was stern and steady:
They dug this darksome grave for me,
  And thine is almost ready.

145.

Art thou fill'd with worldly good?
Look upon this tablet rude:
Ruthless Death will but deride
Riches, beauty, youth, and pride.
I have nothing new to tell:
There is a heaven;—there is a hell;—
A God of mercy often tried;
A Saviour who for sinners died:
At his footstool lowly fall—
Go thy way, and think of all.

146.

Didst hear the toll
Of that sad solemn bell?
It said, "A soul
Is gone to heaven or hell!"

147.

Pause! Reflect! Pass on!

148.

Not hers to linger here on earth,
Consum'd by slow decay:
Death, like a sudden whirlwind, came,
And swept her life away.

Yet can we bless His holy name
Who call'd her thus on high;
For those who wing their way to bliss
Too swiftly cannot fly.

149.

Though months and years, in pain and tears,
Through troubled paths I trod,
My Saviour's voice bid me rejoice,
And call'd my soul to God.

150.

O'er his ashes weeping bend
A wife, a child, and many a friend,
Who vainly hop'd that Heaven would spare
The object of their fervent prayer.
But the God who erreth not
Had appointed for his lot
Brief endurance, endless rest.
His decrees are wisest, best:
And we mourn, but not repine,
As we earth to earth consign,
Humbly hoping, with his spirit,
We shall endless life inherit.

151.

Yes, thine may be the joys of vice,
And thine without control;
But Oh, at what a fearful price!—
The price may be thy soul.

152.

It is good to breathe the atmosphere of benevolence, in pondering over the honoured ashes of those, who, when alive, were the refuge of the destitute, and the friends of suffering humanity.

153.

O plant thy hopes where Time will ne'er destroy!
Fix not thy wayward heart on earthly joy:
The painted bubble rises bright and fair,
And glitters gloriously, then bursts in air.

154.

We could indulge in fond regret for the loss of one whom we had reason to love. The pride of sculpture might illustrate the charity of his heart; the pathos of poetry might extol his understanding: but we have to record what is dearer to our affections, and more grateful to our remembrance. He lived in the fear and favour of God, and died in the faith of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

155.

Through various scenes of sorrow Christians go:
By turns they fear and hope, rejoice and weep;
And, looking upwards, through their weal and woe,
Pass through their pilgrimage, and fall asleep.

To some, disease, and pain, and mourning
weeds,
And nights of grief, and darksome days are
given;
Some emulate Elijah's fiery steeds,
And rush like lightning to the gate of hea-
ven.

But what avails the sunbeam or the blast?
What, if in grief or joy their path was
trod?
Enough that when the gloomy grave is pass'd
They meet together at the throne of God.

156.

This stone is erected to perpetuate the victory of an immortal spirit, that fought the good fight under the banner of the cross, burst through the shackles of humanity, rose over the ruins of the grave, and winged its way to life and immortality.

157.

O, trust in God in every strife,
And he shall give thee power
Midst all the suffering scenes of life,
And soothe thy dying hour.
What time the waves of Jordan swell,
His word shall whisper, "All is well."

158.

The fool has a proverb all sparkling and bright,—
"Enjoy thyself while thou hast breath:"
The wise have another for ever in sight,—
"The wages of sin are but death."

159.

When thorns are smarting in thy side,
And dark is thine abode,
When thou art sad and sorely tried,
O turn thee to thy God.

Bow down submissive to His will
Whom seraphim adore:
In every storm of life be still,
And trust Him evermore.

For He can make thy burden light,
Drive all thy fears away,
And chase the darkness of thy night
With everlasting day.

160.

This tomb is erected over the remains of a man, honest, open-hearted, and sincere; manly, generous, and humane: he lived a model of public and private worth, and died a pattern of piety and virtue.

161.

This simple stone shall bear a simple line;—
Here lies a sinner sav'd by grace divine.

162.

If the actions of a good man can endear his memory, this stone will be often visited.

163.

Untaught with false and flattering rhymes to dwell
On human praise, this stone shall simply tell,
That, mouldering underneath the silent sod,
Lies a true Christian, waiting for his God.

164.

The godly man has every thing to hope;
The ungodly every thing to fear.

165.

In widowhood she passed through the dark and troubled pathways of her pilgrimage, and sickness and sorrow were her companions: but her eye was fixed on the Star of Bethlehem; and its rays beamed brightly around her in life, and gilded the valley of the shadow of death.

166.

'Twas mercy eas'd my troubled heart,
And rais'd my thoughts above;
And told me peace might yet be found
In my Redeemer's love.

Through all my joys and troubles past
Mercies have mark'd my way;
And still they gather'd round my path
With every opening day.

On earth I prais'd thee, O my God,
For mercies great and free;
And now, in realms of light and love,
My soul is full of thee.

167.

My Saviour call'd me, and, without a groan,
I gave the spirit grace had made his own.

168.

Whate'er be thine honours, thy hope, and thy health,
Thy knowledge, thy wisdom, thy wit, and thy wealth;
Ere long o'er thine ashes the green grass shall wave:
Ah, well mayst thou ponder, for *I am the grave!*

Thou canst not escape me: the aged and young,
The wise and the foolish, the feeble and strong,
The bold and the coward, the freeman and slave,
All, all are my victims, for *I am the grave!*

Come, take up thy cross, and sincerely begin
To turn heavenward thy face, and seek pardon for sin:
Thy Saviour alone from destruction can save;
Despise not my warning, for *I am the grave.*

169.

Alas! how little power to man is given
To hand his greatness down to future time!
The proudest tomb in ruin shall be riven,
Though deck'd with marble, and adorn'd with rhyme.

Weaken'd and wasted by the tempest rude,
The mighty pyramids themselves shall sever:
The man that's truly great is truly good;
His name, and his alone, shall live for ever.

170.

O! they were ever gentle found,
And lovely, fair, and bright;
Like sunlit clouds they mov'd around,
And bless'd our wondering sight.

But in the morning of their day
We saw a storm arise;
Like sunlit clouds they pass'd away,
And mingled with the skies.

171.

He had long felt that earth was not his rest, nor earthly objects his best portion.

172.

Seek *now*, that Christ thy guilty soul may save:
For there is no repentance in the grave.

173.

Pilgrim to a world of gladness,
Christian, though thy lot be low,
Sorely tried with sin and sadness,
Take thy staff, and onward go.

Though thou suffer cold and hunger,
Pain and peril, want and woe,
Bear thy griefs a little longer;
Gird thy loins, and onward go.

Death is but a dreamless slumber;
God will heavenly joys bestow;
Joys that angels cannot number:
Onward, pilgrim—onward go.

174.

Our floweret was transplanted by an angel: the winged messenger of the Almighty loosened it from the soil wherein it grew, gently shook away the mould that clung around it, bore it to the regions of immortality, and planted it in the paradise of God.

175.

Sad and heavily wav'd his pall,
And mournful to us was his early fall;
Our salt tears fell, and our sighs we gave,
And we buried him low in the dark cold grave.
In the dark cold grave we laid his head;
And here he reclines in his dusty bed,
Till the blast of the trumpet shall bid him arise,
And angels shall bear him away to the skies.

176.

Here lies his calm, unruffled brow:
His fervent breast is lifeless now:
Those lips, which lov'd the truth to press
On every heart, are motionless.

In love and zeal his course he trod—
The hallow'd messenger of God:
Sought not to dazzle, but to win
The soul from error and from sin.

Too upright, earnest, humble, meek,
The praise of human tongues to seek,
His ardent heart exulted more
To bear the cross his Saviour bore.

His wisdom he from Scripture drew:
God's law was holy, just, and true;
While words of love and mercy hung
Harmonious on his gifted tongue.

Reproach and praise he meekly bore;
We honour'd much,—we lov'd him more;
And many a grateful heart confess'd
The labours of his life were bless'd.

His daily walk exemplified
The faith in which he liv'd and died.
An Israelite of heart sincere,
An heir of glory slumbers here.

177.

At five years old my heart was light;
With health my cheek was red:
But sickness came, and I lie here,
And moulder 'mong the dead.
To me it seem'd too soon to die;
But what God wills is best,
Or I had not been call'd so soon
To my eternal rest.

178.

This stone is erected over the bones of an aged domestic, whose memory will be long cherished with affectionate attachment by the family she so long and so faithfully served.

179.

He died where the brave in battle meet;
His war-cloak was his winding-sheet,
Bestain'd with blood; and the midnight blast
Rush'd round him as he breath'd his last.
He sank as a soldier, without a tear:
The crimson sod was his bed and his bier
Where he lay in state, and the clear blue sky
All studded with stars was his canopy.
O there is a feeling, warm and strong,
That is keenly felt—that is cherish'd long,
Worth more than funeral plume or pall,
For those who for their country fall!
Though coffin'd with care in this hallow'd spot
The warrior's dust reposes not;
Yet this tablet a thousand hearts shall tell
How a British warrior fought and fell.

180.

The tenant of this little grave,
Our hope, and joy, and pride,
Was snatch'd away from our embrace:
In early youth he died.

If thou art young, make no delay
A simple child to bend,
And thus put up a prayer to him
Who is the Sinner's Friend:—

"Whate'er in this uncertain world
My life through time may be,
Still let me, O my Saviour, pass
Eternity with thee!"

181.

We carve not his praise on the mouldering stone,
But the earth and the heavens pass away,
And the dead shall arise, and his deeds shall be known
In that great and that terrible day.

We believe, when the ruin is spreading around,
When creation is wasted with fire,
That his hope in his God will uninjur'd be found,
And his happiness never expire.

182.

He was old in years and in honours, in wisdom and in virtue; his afflictions were sanctified; and, laying hold of that hope which brings a man "peace at the last," he closed a life of usefulness by a death of tranquillity.

183.

They only, who the Promis'd Land espy,
Can leave this wilderness without a sigh.

184.

He was born and brought up on the billow;
His home was the fathomless deep:
But now the cold earth is his pillow,
And sound and unbroken his sleep.

The winds and the waves cannot shake him;
The tempest unheard shall arise,
Till the blasts of the trumpet awake him,
And call him in haste to the skies.

185

Many Christians like her have lived a life of hope; but few like her have died a death of exultation.

186.

Hark! hark! I heard a voice, "*Alas!*
The heavens and earth away shall pass!"
Once more it spoke:—what said it then?
"*Prepare for death, ye sons of men!*"
It nearer comes:—what says the cry?
"*Thy days are number'd: thou must die!*"
It speaks to me; its warning tell:
"*Death and the judgment! heaven and hell!*"

187.

She was one who knew well the value of her Bible, and accounted the Sabbath a delight. She lived to adorn her Christian profession, and died in the full assurance of a blessed immortality.

188.

If lust of human praise disturb thy rest,
And selfish passions reign within thy breast,
Pass on, nor linger o'er his honour'd shrine;
This grave demands a purer tear than thine.

189.

My God has been my better part,
In all my wants and ways;
And fill'd with ecstasy my heart,
And taught my tongue his praise.

Pity was beaming from his eye,
And mercy mark'd his will:
E'en when he made me droop and die,
He was my Father still.

His word consign'd me to the ground;
His power will bid me rise;
His trumpet from above shall sound,
And call me to the skies.

190.

Doubt not, while, pondering on a mortal's doom,
Thou gazest on the relics of the tomb,
That these dry bones again shall rise and live
At His almighty word who life can give.

God form'd them from the dust, and He, once more,
Can give them strength and beauty as before,
Though strewn as widely as the desert air,—
As winds can waft them, or as waters bear.

191.

Whether we think of heavenly things,
Or read the sacred word,
This solemn question still should rise,
Say, "Lovest thou the Lord?"

And happier, Reader, shalt thou be,
Than words can e'er express,
If, when the question's put to thee,
Thy heart can answer, "Yes."

192.

While the bush bloom'd, the bud wither'd;—
While the tree flourish'd, the sapling was broken;—
While the parent liv'd, the offspring was carried to the tomb.

193.

Her piety was not only pure, but practical. It taught her to relieve the sorrows of earth, as well as to seek the joys of heaven. She delighted in errands of mercy, and increased her own happiness by ministering to the wants of those whose lot was more humble than her own. Reader, Humanity has lost a friend.

194.

Alas! that human hearts should burn,
And swift in fierce contention fall;
Nor from their Saviour mercy learn,
Whose boundless mercy shines on all.

Offended man indignant stands
To smite his fellow-man, nor spares;
While God, with lightnings in his hands,
Looks down on sinners and forbears.

195.

He was an humble disciple of the Redeemer: and happy would it be for the Cæsars and Alexanders of the world, could they exchange their earthly diadems for the heavenly crown which he is appointed to wear.

196.

O that this mouldering stone may remind a sinner of the mercy that may be found in a Saviour!

197.

Reader! this stone, engraven clear,
Two warnings will supply:
It tells *us* that our child lies here,
And *thee*, that thou must die.

198.

If happiness possess thy heart,
Or grief; with all thy power
To Him who gave thee life and hope
Devote thy every hour.

For He alone, when nature sinks,
And fails thy fleeting breath,
Can keep thee from the bitter pains
Of an eternal death.

And He thy dying hour can cheer,
And faith and grace supply;
And take thee to his dwelling-place,
Where thou shalt never die.

199.

Hark! heard ye not that melancholy blast
That, bursting from the tomb, this warning gave—
"Youth, health, and strength, and beauty may not last!
Corruption and the worm are in the grave?"

200.

No relative near him to bid depart
The gloom that fast gather'd around his heart;
No tongue the bright vision of hope to tell:
Far, far from his home and his friends he fell.

The death-sob pass'd, and no comrade was nigh
To echo a soldier's latest sigh:
No prayer was preferr'd, and no sigh was given,
To point the wavering soul to heaven.

'Mong strangers to die was his lonely lot:
They buried him low in this silent spot,
Where the evening breeze roves wild and free,
And the worm his sister and mother shall be.

This sod shall be wet with as bright a tear
As ever yet fell on a soldier's bier;
And a sigh shall be heav'd as deep and as dread
As love ever breath'd o'er a warrior dead.

201.

O, Reader, *watch!* for death is ever near;
And *pray!* then his approach you need not fear.

202.

A man of peace, the Almighty he ador'd;
And oftentimes his troubled heart deplor'd
That human hands, for deeds of love design'd,
Should sternly shed the blood of humankind.
In meek submission to his God's decree,
He left this world a brighter world to see;
And gently sunk to his eternal rest,
A thousand kindly thoughts around his breast.

203.

What though her breast was sorely press'd
With darkness, doubt, and fears;
Though earthly woes around her rose,
And peril, pain, and tears:
In raiment white, of living light,
She dwells in glory now;
Nor couldst thou gaze the glittering blaze
Of her refulgent brow.

In faith and love she look'd above
When earthly joys had flown;
And sought her God beneath the rod,
In Jesus' name alone.

She liv'd to trace her Saviour's grace,
Though trouble weigh'd her down:
Through grief and loss she bore His cross,
And now she wears His crown.

204.

All his learning was clearly to ascertain God's will, as it is revealed to us in the Scriptures; and all his wisdom to keep God's commandments.

205.

In every stage of life is given
A warning voice; it comes from heaven.
In childhood's hour it breathes around—
"*The fairest flowers are faded found.*"
In youth it whispers as a friend—
"*Reflect upon thy latter end.*"
In manhood louder swells the cry—
"*Remember thou art born to die.*"
In age it thunders on the blast—
"*O man, thy earthly years are past!*"
In joy and grief—in ease and care—
In every stage—"*Prepare! Prepare!*

206.

No longer let your sorrows flow,
But rather praises bring;
He was a Pilgrim, once, we know,
But now, he is a King.

207.

In early days my hopes were blighted:
I dearly lov'd; my love was slighted.
The primrose pale, the weeping willow,
The wither'd rose, the heaving billow,
Reminded me of joys departed:
I stood alone, and heavy-hearted.
Gazing on high, with spirit broken,
A rainbow beam'd; 'twas mercy's token;
It led me to a land of gladness,
And seem'd to say, "Leave all thy sadness."
I sought that land in fervent prayer,
And found my God, my Saviour there;
Then gladly left these scenes of sorrow,
To enter on a cloudless morrow.

208.

And art thou by thy conscience torn
For wandering far and wide?
And has thy reason held in scorn
A Saviour crucified?

O! turn again and lowly kneel,
For yet his grace is free;
And he a wounded heart can heal,
And pardon even thee.

209.

If the dust of a good man be reverenced by thee, Reader, tread lightly.

210.

Reader, be not thou among those who to obtain the trinkets of Time are willing to give up the treasures of Eternity.

211.

And is the gate of life so strait
That many cannot win it?
The way so very narrow too
That few are found within it?

O gird thy loins, set out for heaven,
Ere earth's enjoyments wither;
And give not slumber to thine eyes,
Till thou art journeying thither.

212.

And dost thou, Reader, wandering forth alone,
Require to know for whom this graven stone
Records that day of death which all shall see?
For thee, frail tenant of the dust, *for thee*.

It speaks of heaven and hell; of hope and fear:
It cries aloud, "The judgment-day is near,
And Christ alone can set the sinner free!"
Again I say, this stone was rais'd *for thee*.

213.

My children are dead,
And they moulder alone;
Their spirits are fled
To a world all unknown:

I gaze on their death-bed
With sorrow, and sigh,
"And are ye but dust then?
Alas! what am I?"

214.

Thy Saviour seek with all thy soul,
Ere time away shall flee;
For what a vast unbounded thing
Eternity must be!

The blades of grass, the grains of sand
On ocean's shore that lie,
Ten thousand times ten thousand told,
Are not Eternity.

215.

So manifold were her virtues, that were affection to speak truth of her it would be mistaken for flattery. She lived in the practice of good works, and died in the faith of Jesus Christ and of him crucified.

216.

No, not a moment canst thou death delay:
Ere the clock strikes thy soul may pass away.

217.

If thou canst trust, when troubles roll,
Him whom thy being gave,
Then with sustaining hope thy soul
May look beyond the Grave.

He sees, and is acquainted well
With all thy secret fears;
He knows where all thy sorrows dwell,
Thy weakness and thy tears.

And when the storms of life are past,
When earthly hope shall cease,
His word shall comfort thee, at last,
And bid thee die in peace.

218.

Wit and Worth and Wisdom fled,
When she was number'd with the dead;
But Beauty, sharer of her doom,
Was laid beside her in the tomb.
Hope lingering waits till she arise;
While Faith, with adorative eyes,
Gazes on heaven, the gift of grace,
And cries, "Behold her dwelling-place!"

219.

By afflictive dispensations her heavenly Father gradually withdrew her affections from earth to heaven, and prepared her to dwell for ever in his presence.

220.

If thou canst sacrifice, with breast of steel,
Thy country's welfare to thy private weal;
Then know a patriot's dust this spot endears:—
Stain not the tomb with thy polluted tears.

221.

Though a sinner reposes, a saint shall arise,
And the tenant of earth wing his way to the skies.

222.

Thy heart and thy soul amid sunbeams may be,
And with pleasure their influence hail:
But what will the beams of the sun do for thee,
When the shadows of midnight prevail?

O look for a rod and a staff that shall stay
Thy frail being when struggling for breath;
And seek for a lamp that shall lighten thy way,
And illume the dark pathway of death.

223.

Silent in dust he mouldering lies,
And faded every feature:
O, Reader, darest thou despise
Thy humbler fellow-creature?
Is there aught in a negro's name
That mercy may not save him?
Or dost thou think that God can blame
The colour that he gave him?

If in our future hell or heaven
Be aught of retribution,
And pain and punishment be given
For cruelty's pollution;
Then will the oppress'd their wrongs declare;
The oppressor's arm be slacken'd;
And sunburnt faces may be fair,
And ours as midnight blacken'd.

224.

With all thy heart, in all thy pains,
On thy Redeemer dwell;
For he whose spirit God sustains
Will bear his troubles well.

The world may frown, thy soul may sigh,
And death thy being sever;
Yet shalt thou still exulting fly,
And dwell with God for ever.

225.

Boast not, Reader, of high birth, nor of the splendour of thy connexions; but rather regard corruption as thy father, and the worm as thy mother and thy sister.

226.

Here rests his head until the trump of doom
Shall wake the slumbering tenants of the tomb;
Then shall he rise, the heaven of heavens explore,
And leave the dust of death to die no more.

227.

He combined a peculiar delicacy and simplicity of character with great soundness of judgment and intellectual vigour; maintaining, amidst various privations, and much bodily suffering, an unshaken confidence in the mercy and merits of his Redeemer.

228.

Dost thou wander, child of clay,
O'er the land or watery deep?
While thou journeyest on thy way,
As thou sowest thou shalt reap.

Be it evil, day and night
  Evil in thy path shall grow;
Disappointment, wild affright,
  Present pain and future woe.

Be it good, then good shall rise:
  Dost thou God through Christ adore?
Onward hasten to the skies:
  Thou art bless'd for evermore.

229.

Ambition, honour, wealth, and worldly pride,
  The painted bubbles mortal men adore,
Burst, when they come in contact with the tomb,
  And all their glittering hues are seen no more.

230.

His knowledge was excellent, for he had been taught the "fear of the Lord:" his riches were great, for he had the "pearl of great price" in his possession.

231.

A stranger from across the sea
  Lies here: his name it matters not;
In heaven it may remember'd be,
  When this his tombstone is forgot.

232.

I had a flower, a beauteous flower: it was my
hope and trust;
Death rudely snapp'd its slender stem, and left it
in the dust.
O sad it was that cruel death my joy away should
fling!
And sadder still that I should trust so fair and
frail a thing!

They tell me that some future day my floweret
will arise
In fairer, brighter colours dress'd, and bloom amid
the skies:
If this be true, 'tis all in vain that I should sorrow
here,
No; I will learn the way to heaven, and seek my
floweret there.

233.

Awake, fond dreamer, leave thy syren lay—
Gird up thy loins—quickly thy staff command—
Put sandals on thy feet, and haste away—
For thou art journeying to a distant land,
And hast no time to tarry. Dost thou stand?
Escape thou for thy life! Thy soul to bind
Temptations strong are ready — Death's at
hand:—
On thy Redeemer call with heart and mind:
Sure as thy soul shall seek, so sure thy soul shall
find.

234.

She lived the life of an humble Christian, and died the death of the righteous; having that enduring and well-grounded hope of eternal life, which, though sought for elsewhere, can only be obtained by a lively faith in God's mercy, through the merits of his Son our Saviour Jesus Christ.

235

Afflicted by our loss, we lay thee here
In silent sorrow: e'en thy dust is dear;
For never child shall weep, nor neighbour bend,
O'er kinder parent or more faithful friend.

236.

How vain the fleeting happiness
That hangs on things below!
How unsubstantial are the joys
That wealth and fame bestow!

Though strong to run his heavenly course
The sun in glory rise,
How soon, alas! his parting beam
Forsakes the western skies!

So man, exulting, thoughtless man,
Breaks through the glare and gloom
That mark his little earthly hour,
Then drops into the tomb.

237.

If, Reader, with thy life in thy hand thou canst trifle with the offer of salvation through the Redeemer, the Lord have mercy upon thy soul; for there is but a step between thee and eternal death.

238.

Alas! he well knew the remediless smart
That wilders the brain, and that withers the heart,
Envelops existence, and shrouds it with care;
That weighs down the spirit and bids it despair.
But the clouds of distress gather round him no more:
His fears are all fled, and his anguish is o'er;
And we trust, while we sigh with affection and love,
That his gloom is dispell'd by the glory above.

239.

If thine be poverty and pain,
And fears thy heart betray,
The world will mark thee with disdain,
And bid thee go thy way.

But when o'erwhelm'd with tears and sighs,
When weary and oppress'd,
"Come unto me," the Saviour cries,
"And I will give thee rest."

240.

Long as this stone shall bear his honour'd name,
Or blade of grass upon this hillock grow,
So long the passer-by shall speak his fame,
And, pointing, say, "A good man lies below."

241.

Here moulder the remains of one, who through a long life of fidelity, and attachment to an earthly master, manifested by his zeal, his humility, his patience, and his faith, that he was also a devoted servant of the Most High.

242.

If honour, wealth, and peace, thy paths adorn,
And love and friendship wait upon thy will;
If thine the raptures of the rising morn,
And balmy slumbers close thine eyelids; still
This stone shall tell thee that the fairest flower
Of pleasure withers with a mortal's breath,
And all the glories of terrestrial power
Are dust and ashes in the grasp of Death.

243.

Content he pass'd life's little span
In praising God, and serving man:
His faith was strong; his love sincere;
An aged servant moulders here.

244.

Art thou young? and wouldst thou live
In peace that God alone can give,
Conquering every worldly lust?
Watch, and pray, and seek, and trust.

Art thou old? and wouldst thou die
A servant of the Lord on high?
Wouldst thou reign among the just?
Watch, and pray, and seek, and trust.

Old, and young, and rich, and poor,
Sinner, Death is at the door!
All are hastening to the dust:
Watch, and pray, and seek, and trust.

245.

Can the world give peace within?
Cleanse thy heart and purge thy sin?
Lengthen out thy lingering breath?
Yield thee comfort in thy death?
Can it nerve thy soul with power?
Shield thee in the judgment-hour?
Make thee pure, and bless'd, and free,
And give thee immortality?
O, if these the world impart,
Bind it closer to thy heart!
Should, alas! thy hope be vain,
If thou canst not these obtain,
If the world unequal prove,
Cast it from thee; look above.

246.

Often did they unite in singing the songs of Zion while on earth; and we believe their voices are now heard where the trumpet-tongued hallelujahs of angels and archangels proclaim that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.

247.

Doubt that the sun is in the skies,—
That light to day is given;
But never doubt this dust shall rise,
And spring from earth to heaven.

248.

Nature did much for him, in giving him a mild and amiable disposition; but Grace did more, in teaching him to follow the blessed footsteps of his Saviour.

249.

In early youth, such was the untimely doom,
My blooming boy was carried to the tomb;
And ere the grass upon his grave had grown,
My daughter too, my only child, was gone.
How bless'd are they in earlier years who go
From this vain world of wickedness and woe!
Ask ye then why I grieve and drop a tear?
They were my children, and are buried here.

250.

She was conscientious in the discharge of all the duties belonging to her station in life, and faithfully devoted to the interests of her master and mistress, from affection as well as from religious principle.

251.

We firmly trust, though here her dust
Entomb'd awhile remains,
Her spirit bless'd, in peace and rest,
The heaven of heavens contains.

252.

How vain are all worldly pursuits, when placed in competition with the salvation of the soul!

253.

Though many a widow mourns the spirit fled,
And orphans sorrow for his early doom,
No banner speaks the triumphs of the dead,
Nor breathing marble decorates his tomb.

The blazon'd banner, and the bust may swell
The pomp of greatness, and excite surprise:
A simple stone is quite enough to tell
The passing stranger where a good man lies.

254.

As much as mortal mould could e'er assume
Of heavenly form and fashion in the tomb
Here mouldering lies. What will its beauty be,
When robed in light and immortality?

255.

He was a simple man, and simple shall be his epitaph. Bent down with a weight of years, his heart was strong, for he read his Bible, and believed the promises it contains. In hope of a joyful resurrection through his Saviour he died; and with the same hope we have here committed his body to the dust.

256.

In all the changes of thy life,
  Still for thy death prepare:
O give thine earliest youth to God;
  Thine age shall be his care.

257.

When thoughts of sin and grace are given,
How dark is hell! how bright is heaven!
O seek thy Saviour, and prepare
The one to shun, the other share.

258.

When thunders are rolling, when lightnings are
hurl'd,
And the blasts of destruction arise,
He calmly may smile at the storms of the world
Whose treasures are safe in the skies.

259.

Ripen'd harvest! which the Lord
Here hath in his garner stor'd,
Till, with reproductive voice,
O'er his labours he rejoice,
And the fields ethereal sow
With such precious seed as thou:
Ripen'd harvest! till that day,
Here each torpid germ we lay
Of the glory and the bliss
All shall wake to, who are His:
Safe each atom will he keep
Of the dead in Him who sleep.

260.

We know that this perishable memorial will only keep alive his memory for a few fleeting years; but we believe that when his name shall be forgotten by sinners on earth, it will be remembered by his Saviour in heaven.

261.

And art thou gone? In hurried haste
Thy brief career is run:
Thy little pilgrimage is past;
Farewell! farewell, my son!

To Him thy spirit I commend
Who first thy being gave;
And for a little season lend
Thy body to the grave.

Ere long thy now unconscious heart,
With gladness and surprise,
Thy fleshly, mouldering, mortal part
Immortal shall arise.

262.

Not for the dead these graven stones:
O no, the dead will never heed them:
They mutely stand mid mouldering bones,
And only speak to those who read them.

263.

Grim Death surpris'd him all alone,
And forc'd him unprepar'd to flee:
So, Reader, we have rais'd this stone
That it may not prove so with thee.

264.

The man who moulders here beneath the sod
Rever'd and lov'd the Scriptures of his God:
He read them gladly; bound them to his breast;
Found in them hope, and peace, and heavenly rest:
They taught him humbling truths—himself to know—
In doubt, and fear, and trouble, where to go—
To live, to die,—and, in his latest breath,
They gave him promise of life after death.
Though in this grave his dust a season be,
Where God and heaven are, doubtless there is he.

265.

Few are there with a frame so strong;
Few are there who have liv'd so long;
And fewer still, just and sincere
As he whose body moulders here.

266.

No estimate can reach the value of an immortal soul: none, therefore, can tell what he has achieved who has "turned a sinner from the error of his ways, and saved a soul from death."

267.

He was learned, sensible, candid, and pious; and in a great measure lived above the world while he lived in it.

268.

In vain we fondly strove to stay
Her sojourn in this land of sadness;
For angels beckon'd her away,
And bore her to the realms of gladness.

269.

It was his earnest desire to walk worthy of the Gospel, and to shew forth the praises of Him who had called him out of darkness into his marvellous light.

270.

In doubts, and fears; in grief, and tears;
His troubles none can tell:
Though rude the blast, his pains are past:
He sleeps, and all is well.

The trump of doom, that rends the tomb,
And bids the dead arise,
Shall only raise his heart with praise,
And call him to the skies.

271.

The mighty monarch, spreading far and wide
His throne's dominion, and his kingly pride;
The statesman, anxious to secure from thrall
His little portion of this little ball;
The learn'd, the proud, the courtier, and the boor;
The sordid miser, and the pauper poor;
Whate'er their state, their grandeur, or degree,
All lose their earthly hopes, O Grave! in thee.

272.

A faithful soldier of the Cross here lies:
His duty done in every earthly station,
He looks for honours now in yonder skies,
Through Christ, the Captain of his great salvation.

273.

Gaze on the mouldering ashes of the dead, and let the ruins that sin has made urge thee to fly to a Redeemer. Defraud not thyself of bliss, for God is merciful. Deceive not thy own heart, for God is a jealous God. Refuse not the offer of his mercy; tempt not the severity of his justice: so shalt thou triumph over the grave, escape the bitter pangs of an eternal death, and partake of life, of joy, and of immortality.

274.

Reader, if ardent hopes be thine,
All that thy heart desires was mine:
Look on my grave, and thou wilt see
What this vain world can do for thee.

275.

To speak the almighty power of God
The sun impatient flies,
Writes it in flame upon the earth,
Proclaims it round the skies.

If such conviction to the mind
His works alone impart,
O let the wisdom of his word
Inscribe it on thy heart!—

That while thou ponderest o'er his works,
And searchest truth divine,
Nature may point thee to a God,
And Grace may make him thine.

276.

Here lie, waiting for the redemption of the body by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the remains of an humble follower of the Redeemer. Sanctified afflictions were the means whereby she was led to know the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and to apply to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world.

277.

Forget not, Reader, midst the proud control
Of wealth, and power, and every prosperous plan,
Dear as they are to every living soul,
That these are mockery to a dying man.

278.

Stranger, reflect, while earth is thine abode,
Though faultless be thy creed, and pure thy plan,
The best thanksgiving offer'd up to God
Is active kindness to thy fellow-man.

279.

If thou wouldst know the peace of God within,
And have thy conscience purified from sin,
Thy best, thy noblest deeds must worthless fall,
And Christ thy Saviour be thy all in all.

280.

Wouldst thou be forgiven, in pity forgive,
Though bitter thine enemy be;
Look not on his wrath, but remember his end:
How soon will he moulder like me!

281.

Amidst a dying world's decay,
Christian, pursue thy heavenly way;
Leave not unread the sacred word,
And ever trust thou in the Lord.

Though heedless thousands pass thee by,
Yet he will be for ever nigh:
Thou wilt find favour in his eyes,
Though tens of thousands thee despise.

282.

If an immortality of inexpressible joy be desirable; if an eternity of unutterable woe be fearful; by the one and by the other, I charge thee, Reader, to give neither sleep to thine eyes, nor slumber to thine eyelids, till thou hast sought His mercy whose justice thou canst not endure.

283.

If sorrow, pain, and fears are given,
And thou art sore distress'd;
If, as thou look'st on earth and heaven,
They both in clouds are dress'd;
Still bend in humble prayer thy knee,
And lift thy heart above;
For God, though fearful he may be,
Is yet a God of love.

284.

There are, who on this new-rais'd sod
In wantonness will tread;
There are, who think it vain to raise
A tribute to the dead.

But Nature's powerful voice will plead
In every feeling breast,
And prompt it to indulge the thought
Of those who are at rest.

And haply such as sorrow know,
And wander forth alone,
While bending o'er another's grave
Will bear in mind their own.

285.

That undisturb'd my dust should sleep,
They dug my grave, and dug it deep;
Yet not so deep but I shall hear
When Christ my Saviour draweth near.

286.

Worship thy God; do good to all that live;
Bear with thy brother, and his faults forgive:
Thus saith the Ruler of the earth and skies,—
"I will have mercy, and not sacrifice."

287.

Our lovely floweret drooped and died, to teach us the withering nature of earthly happiness.

288.

O Stranger, repine not, whate'er be thy smart,
Nor complain of the tempest rude;
But turn thee, all weary and worn as thou art,
To the Giver of every good.

He watch'd o'er the dawn of the day of thy birth,
And knows all that thy bosom can tell:
He does what he will both in heaven and earth,
And all that He doth must be well.

Repent of the path thou hast erringly trod;
From folly and wickedness flee,
And seek, through a Saviour, the mercy of God,
And God will have mercy on thee.

289.

Bethink thee, Reader, nor unheeding pass
Where fellow-mortals in the dust recline;
These monumental stones record, alas!
Not only their mortality, but thine.

290.

If thou art poor and hast the grace of God; well mayst thou rejoice; if thou art rich and hast it not, well mayst thou tremble.

291.

Reader, fix thy wandering heart on that eternal
home,
Where everlasting pleasures reign, and sorrows
never come;
Then wilt thou upwards turn thy eyes with better
hopes in view,
And lightly lean upon the world, lest it should
pierce thee through.

292.

It is a joyful thing to bow,
Amidst the assembled throng,
Where God is sought with thanksgiving,
And glorified with song.
Where hopes of mercy drive away
Sin, sorrow, and despair,
And long, loud hallelujahs rise
And fill the house of prayer.

But O, how joyful must it be
Through heavenly courts to wing,
And bid the note of rapture rise
When saints and angels sing!
To praise the high and mighty God,
Where seraphim adore,
And all is purity, and peace,
And pleasure evermore!

293.

Stranger, whatever be the desires of thy heart, ponder for a moment over the mouldering dead, and be reminded by the silent monitors around thee of the uncertainty of life. Though thou hadst all that the world can give, it could not reverse the irrevocable sentence—"Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return."

294.

Death may not boldly meet thee face to face,
But, haply, like a coward steal upon thee
When least expected, giving thee no time
To buckle on thine armour.—Be prepar'd.

295.

If thou canst feel a friendly glow
For one who felt for every woe,
This lowly spot demands a tear:
Thy friend,—the friend of man lies here.

296.

Through life a libertine he rang'd,
Untaught, unhumbled, and unchang'd:
Whate'er his future state may be,
O Lord our God, we leave to thee!

297.

In prayer and praise, a pilgrim here below,
He bore in meek submission every rod,
Look'd upward for support in weal and woe,
And boldly trusted in the Lord his God.

The skies shall roll together wrapp'd in flame;
The world be melted with consuming fire:
But they who trust in their Redeemer's name,
Untroubled shall survive, and ne'er expire.

298.

The duties of friendship and religion occupied her time; and the pleasures of both constituted her chief delight.

299.

Who seeks a world of brighter bliss
Must never fix his heart on this.

300.

As thou hast caution'd well thy ruin'd race,
Who wandering wide in paths of error trod,
And rescued sinners, through redeeming grace,
And brought them back from Satan unto God;—

So God will guard thee in the gloomy grave;
And when the world involv'd with fire shall be,
His arm, omnipotently strong to save,
Shall from the flaming ruin rescue thee.

301.

When sickness robb'd thee of thy bloom,
And plung'd us in despair;
When death had deck'd thee for the tomb,
Thy face was passing fair.

But O, how bright and free from strife
Thy baby-brow will be,
Encircled with a crown of life
And immortality!

302.

Go forward, Christian, on thy heavenly pilgrimage. Though a crown and a crucifix should be placed before thee, let not the one tempt nor the other deter thee from thy path. Tremble not at death, it shall end thy sorrows; fear not the grave, it is the portal of immortality: thy home, thy heaven is before thee, where He who redeemed thy life from destruction, shall crown thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies.

303.

While harden'd sinners waste their souls in sighs,
And feel with anguish each departing breath,
The humble Christian on his God relies,
And calmly smiles amid the gloom of death.

304.

O fear thou not, Christian, to die;
For death is the end of thy woes;
And the sleep of the grave will pass by
As a night of refreshing repose.

The labourer that rests through the gloom,
At the dawn of the day will arise;
And ere long wilt thou spring from the tomb,
And be winging thy way to the skies.

305.

Many were the days of his pilgrimage; and his grey hairs reminded us, not only that he had walked long with God on earth, but that he would soon dwell with Him in heaven.

306.

Sun, moon, and stars, a glorious scene,
In heaven's high concave see;
Thousands of years their beams have been,
And thousands yet may be.

But moon and stars shall lose their light,
The sun in darkness die,
When thou shalt live in glory bright
And immortality.

307.

Should the gilded toys of infancy afford amusement to manhood? Are the perishable baubles of the world fit objects to occupy an immortal soul?

308.

O waste not thy strength in attempting to gain
What will merely give ease in a moment of pain,
In a storm prove a shelter, or skreen from a blast;
But seek that which will "bring a man peace at the last."

309.

He doubted not, while this vain world he trod,
That he should live beyond the grave with God;
And stedfast in that selfsame hope and trust,
We here have laid his body in the dust.

310.

Though setting suns on other graves may shine,
On this green sod I'll sit me down and sigh;
For here a father's honour'd bones recline,
And here a sainted mother's relics lie.

My father, and my mother! ye are freed;
For faith can follow ye to realms on high:
Though dark the grave, its gloomy portals lead
To light, and life, and immortality.

311.

When thou hearest that a fellow-mortal has been suddenly plunged into eternity, think of the mercy that has spared thee.

312.

The moments that compose our lives
  Unnotic'd glide away,
And tens of thousands of them pass
  With every passing day.

Then fail not through thy youth to keep
  Thy latter end in view:
If aught be certain in thy life,
  Death is as certain too.

313.

She was sorely assaulted by the darts of Sin and Death; but came off more than conqueror. The balm that healed her bleeding bosom came from the wounds of her Redeemer.

314.

Not all the wisdom of the good and wise,
Can spread a weightier truth before thine eyes,
Nor holy angels from above supply
More solemn words—"Remember, thou must die!"

315.

The angel of death breath'd his message and
pass'd,
As a cloud for a moment the sun may o'ercast;
Then the angel of life came in splendours array'd,
And her soul to its heavenly mansion convey'd.

316.

His was not death but a translation;
So triumph'd he, through Christ's salvation.

317.

Droop not, Christian, on thy pilgrimage: though all thy friends forsake thee, yet is there One who hath promised, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

318.

O God! that man should heaven despise,
And hell's dread torments brave,
While ever round his pathway rise
Death and a yawning grave!

For this thy plagues abroad are dealt
To scatter all his joy;
That what thy mercy will not melt,
Thy justice may destroy.

319.

With death the sinner's hope shall cease;
The righteous in his death hath peace.

320.

Disease and pain, with lingering smart,
  Had agoniz'd her throbbing breast;
And fears had gather'd in her heart,
  And clouds and darkness round her press'd.

The darkness pass'd, and Mercy's rays
  Beam'd full on her exulting soul,
Till the rapt spirit, fill'd with praise,
  Sprung forth impatient of control.

Thus, when amidst the eastern skies
  The kindling beams of day are given,
The impatient lark is seen to rise
  And, warbling, wing her way to heaven.

321.

And dost thou think, O boasting Death,
  Thine unexpected blow—
The stroke that robb'd him of his breath
  For ever laid him low?

A conqueror, he shall hail the hour,
  When vanquish'd thou shalt fly;
Rise o'er the ruins of thy power,
  And live when thou shalt die.

322.

Disturb'd, the sleeper starts and wakes; nor knows
How long or short has been his sweet repose:
E'en so with us the sleep of death may be
A start from time into eternity.

323.

Prepare to be forgotten upon earth!

324.

My wife and my children are gone to their rest;
They have reach'd their fair home in the land of
the bless'd;
And why should I selfishly sigh or repine,
When they all are enjoying the Presence Divine?

325.

The kindest tribute of respect and love
That an assembled world could join to pay,
Would ne'er the spirit move enthron'd above,
Nor wrap in sweeter sleep the mouldering clay.

Yet something is to human nature due;—
The death of those we love demands a tear:
And none can tell how fervently and true
We lov'd the being who lies buried here.

326.

Though the road to eternal life be hard to the proud; yet He who has said, "I am the way," has made it easy to the humble: walk therein, and Death need not be feared.

327.

Reader, as every day and every hour brings you nearer to the great and final change which awaits you, so let each day and hour find you more prepared for it.

328.

Though my sins were untold as the sands,
My Saviour has scatter'd them wide:
O look on the palms of his hands,
And the rent and the stream at his side.

So long as my Saviour shall reign,
And the throne of his glory endure;
So long will his promise remain,
And my pardon and peace be secure.

329.

Reader, improve thy fleeting hours, and give them to the Lord; remembering that the most precious portion of thy time is that which is nearest to eternity.

330.

The year that gave our floweret birth
Away had scarcely flown,
When, far from this uncertain earth,
Our floweret too was gone.

An angel mark'd it where it grew,
With bright admiring eyes,
Pluck'd it in haste, and with it flew,
Exulting, to the skies.

331.

Her talents and her virtues were formed rather to bless a narrow circle, than to attract the transitory plaudits of a wide one: no one could know her without love, nor lose her without regret.

332.

And dost thou life's enjoyments crave?
And do the fears of death appal?
The shroud, the mattock, and the grave,
Alas! are solemn things to all.

To God thy secret sorrows bring:
Thy Saviour with thy soul adore;
And he will pluck away their sting,
And give thee peace for evermore.

333.

O Reader! call upon thy God,
Wouldst thou be virtuous still;
And read his sacred word, and strive
To learn his holy will:

For all the virtue that thou hast
From God in mercy came;
And thou canst only hope for heaven
Through thy Redeemer's name.

334.

E'en as I watch'd it in my bower,
The blast came by and smote my flower;
Impair'd its beauty with decay,
And bore it from me far away.

That stroke of death—that blast was given
To bear it to the highest heaven,
Where it shall bloom again, and wear
Bright and unfading beauty there.

335.

Though he lived in the midst of every earthly enjoyment, yet his heart was not in these things, for he knew that he had "a better and an enduring substance."

336.

The flower of the meadow,
The leaf on the tree,
The rush in the river,
Are emblems of me.

In freshness and beauty
They flourish a day:
I bloom'd for a season,
Then wither'd away.

337.

Art thou oppress'd with worldly care,
And dost thou hither come to sigh?
Alas! the lonely bed of death
Can only tell thee thou must die.

Then turn thee humbly to thy God,
That He thy earthly griefs may calm,
And gently heal thy wounded heart
With hallow'd hope and heavenly balm.

338.

Together moulder, side by side,
An aged pair; in peace they died:
Together once more will they rise,
To praise their Maker in the skies.

339.

By wrath and mercy, hope and fear,—
By all that human breasts can move,—
By faith unfeign'd and dark despair,—
By hell below, and heaven above,—
I charge thee, strive with all thy soul
To leave thy sin, and God adore,
Ere death and darkness round thee roll,
And whelm thy spirit evermore.

340.

To the memory of an aged servant, who, being found faithful in many things on earth, entered with exultation into the joy of her Lord in heaven.

341.

Not more than these the proud can boast,
The rich, the wise, the brave—
A mouldering stone, an epitaph,
A green sod, and a grave!

342.

Let no one repine at his afflictions; for the sharpest thorns are those of our own planting, the heaviest burdens those that we lay upon ourselves.

343.

What though the grave, where now we wait,
Be deep, and dark, and desolate!
A voice shall bid the darkness flee—
"Let there be light!" and light shall be.
That heavenly voice shall rend the tomb;
Glory shall dissipate our gloom;
While we from death and darkness fly
To light and immortality.

344.

In pointing to a Saviour's love
This stone has done its part;
And if thou still rebellious prove,
More stony is thy heart.

Reader, adore almighty power,
Make God thy hope and trust;
Or tremble at that awful hour
That lays thee in the dust.

345.

Prepare thee, Reader, for no state
Can skreen thee from approaching fate:
Here lie the bold and brave:
The aged, feeble, and the strong,
The timid, beautiful, and young,
All hasten to the grave.

Prepare thee, Reader: look on high,
That grace may all thy wants supply,
And chase thy every fear:
A traveller bending 'neath the blast,
Thy fourscore years will soon be past,
And thou be mouldering here.

346.

O Reader! didst thou hear the cry—
"The soul that sinneth it shall die?"
Hast thou transgress'd? Then quickly flee
To Christ: thy Saviour he shall be.

347.

When the loud trump shall rend the tomb,
And wide proclaim Redemption's story,
Together bursting from the gloom,
Their hearts again shall meet in glory.

348.

There is a dreariness of pain,
A pensive pang that thrills the brain,
When, gazing on our kindred clay,
We see it hourly waste away.

Yet mourn'd we not, nor did we weep,
What time we saw her fall asleep;
For well we knew her soul would fly
To life and immortality.

349.

If, Reader, thou rebellest against God, thou art an enemy to thyself; if thou forsakest his law, thou wanderest from thine own peace.

350.

The sun adorn'd the eastern sky;
My health was strong, my hopes were high;
But, ere that sun had gain'd the west,
I sunk to my eternal rest.
Lay hold on heaven then, while you may,
For all things earthly pass away;
And youth and beauty, joy and peace,
While mortals gaze upon them, cease.

351.

If, Reader, thou desirest not the pleasures of heaven in thy life, thou wilt assuredly fear the pains of hell in thy death.

352.

The tempest rag'd abroad: in manhood's pride,
Smit by the fiery bolt of Heaven, he died:
The Almighty struck from the enkindling skies,
With his own lightning, his own sacrifice.

353.

What, though thy body death endure!
Bright as the morning star
Thou yet shalt rise, and be as pure
As holy angels are.

Yes; thou exultingly shalt spring
From this imprisoning sod;
Mount upwards with rejoicing wing,
And glorify thy God.

354.

Though Death may imprison, he cannot destroy me; for the word of the Lord hath prophesied that these dry bones shall live.

355.

And dost thou, Stranger, come to gaze
On sculptur'd records widely spread?
Or verse replete with human praise
That vainly deifies the dead?

Alas! this stone shall only tell
That mouldering dust lies here below;
And point thee where archangels dwell,
And warn thee from eternal woe.

356.

If sin's disease thy soul endure,
Thy Saviour only can thee cure.

357.

Bethink thee, Reader, so misguided,
So careful of thy breath:
Hast thou for *life* alone provided?
What wilt thou do in *death?*

358.

This perishable stone records the departure of an imperishable spirit. This earthly monument perpetuates the death of one whose eternal life is registered in heaven.

359.

Had I a tongue whose silver sound
Could wake creation's ear,
Swell the loud note of rapture round,
And soothe thy every fear,—

Could I entrance the conscious earth
With ecstasies unknown,
To measureless delights give birth,
And make them all thine own,—

Alas! what would their joys avail,
What could my powers supply,
When strength, and flesh, and heart should fail?—
When thou wert call'd to die?

360.

An epitaph is graven here,
To warn thee, Reader, death is near:
Now, thou art reading mine;
But watch and pray, for in short space
Some stranger, standing in thy place,
May ponder over thine.

361.

Think'st thou that God, in awful judgment-hour,
Will pay respect to pageantry and power?
Or ask a sinner, pale and trembling thing,
If he on earth were conqueror or king?
O no: the book—the balances outspread,
Will blanch the cheek, and smite the heart with dread;
The proudest arm that sway'd an earthly rod
Will fall subdued before the throne of God.
Yet fear not, Christian, though thy lot be low,
And troubles throng thy pathway; onward go.
Though poor on earth, despis'd, and suffering loss,
If thou hast fled to thy Redeemer's cross,
As sure as thou the Book of Life shalt see,
So sure thy name therein inscrib'd shall be.

362.

O, if thou in wandering through scenes of vexation,
O'er floods of affliction wouldst lift up thy brow,
Avoid the strong torrents of earthly temptation,
And fly to "the Rock" that is higher than thou.

363

He was one of those men who were designed to throw a lustre around them, to exemplify the excellence of virtue, and to extend the happiness of mankind. This monument will moulder away and be forgotten; but the virtue it commemorates is imperishable.

364.

Too long they live who live in sin,
And long enough who die
In early youth, to wing their way,
Exulting, to the sky.

365.

Happy is the pilgrim who, amid the thorns and briers that obstruct his pathway to a better world, can discover none of his own planting.

366.

In shipwreck he perish'd: the loud howling main
Was too strong for a mortal's control;
The flood gather'd round him, he struggled in vain,
And the billow pass'd over his soul.

The deep caves of ocean shall give up their dead,
The soul that has sorrow'd shall rest;
And the storm-beaten spirit by mercy be led
To rejoice in the realms of the bless'd.

367.

Hark! the mandate from on high,
Grief and joy to sever!—
"Body, to the grave and die;
Spirit, live for ever!"

368.

If bliss be only found above,
And life be but a span;
Sincerely seek a God of love,
And dwell in peace with man.

Your duty do, and put your trust
In nought beneath the skies;
That when your body sinks to dust
Your soul aloft may rise.

369.

My sins were unnumber'd; my frailty and pride
As deep as the ocean, as strong as the tide:
But more strong than the tide, and more deep
than the sea,
Was the love of the Saviour who sorrow'd for me.

Accus'd by my conscience, oppress'd by my care,
I was bound with the fetters of grief and despair;
But He pitied my bondage, and bade me be free,
And He wrought out an endless salvation for me.

370.

The clarion of the archangel shall summon them on high: till then they will slumber side by side, and the whirlwind will not wake them.

371.

Think not, my friends, who lov'd me best,
My sands of life too swiftly run;
But rather bow to God's behest,
And let his sacred will be done.

His wisdom, who in love and power
My life and hope of glory gave,
Decreed the very day and hour
When I should sink into the grave.

372.

Art thou prepared, Reader, with the grave before thee, to be judged with the same judgment with which thou hast judged others?

373.

Go, seek to learn thy God aright,
While life and health are given;
For canst thou read the book of earth,
And count the stars of heaven?

In all thy learning and thy pride,
Thy hours have vainly flown,
If, with the knowledge of the world,
Thy God is still unknown.

374.

What, though awhile in dust I slumber here,
And leave behind a wife and children dear!
He who preserv'd me will not them despise,
But guide them by his mercy to the skies.

375.

He lived in the practice and died in the spirit of charity; and this spot is well known to the fatherless and widow.

376.

Our child, that moulders in the tomb,
Was beautiful from birth;
We fondly thought to see her bloom
A lovely flower on earth:

But she was born for better things;
The high behest was given,
And holy angels wav'd their wings,
And wafted her to heaven.

377.

His spirit was gentle and kind, and took heed
To fulfil the Almighty's command;
He honour'd his parents, in word and in deed,
And his days were prolong'd in the land.

If thy spirit, through good and through evil report,
To honour thy Maker be given;
Though the days of thy life upon earth may be short,
Yet thy joys shall be longer in heaven.

378.

Sinner, if God had spoken and thou hadst not heard, thou mightst find forgiveness; but if He has cried aloud and thou hast not regarded, how canst thou hope for mercy?

379.

To this enquiry all thy thoughts apply:
O seek in haste to know with all thy power,
Since it is certain, Reader, thou must die,
What will support thee in a dying hour!

380.

When the clarion of the archangel shall resound, the bones that here moulder in earth shall spring towards heaven; the eyes that are dim shall sparkle with joy; and the heart that lies motionless shall beat with rapture to hail the second coming of the Son of God.

381.

I was born on the high-foaming billow,
And rock'd in the merciless deep!
The rough-roaring sea heav'd my pillow,
And lull'd me, unconscious, to sleep.

Though I met with my death on the ocean,
My heavenly Pilot, at hand,
Gently led me through every commotion,
And brought me to his promis'd land.

Now dwelling in regions of glory,
How sweet is the calm I enjoy!
My friends, though ye weep at my story,
Rejoice at the bliss of your boy.

382.

Prepare thee, Reader, for thy latter end; for though it may be an easy thing to exchange temporal pleasures for eternal felicity, it must needs be a hard thing to lose at once the joys of earth, without possessing a hope of the joys of heaven.

383.

The whirlwind cannot break their sleep
  Where they in darkness lie;
Nor earth nor hell their ashes keep
  When summon'd to the sky.

384.

And must we then, whene'er we die,
  To light or darkness go,
And reign with joy in heaven above,
  Or groan in hell below?

O let us, while we yet have breath,
  Fly from the burning flame,
And seek the offer'd grace of God,
  Through our Redeemer's name.

O Lord, thy mercy we implore;
  Our souls betimes prepare
The dreadful pains of hell to shun,
  The joys of heaven to share.

385.

He is possessing a heavenly day without night, and life without death. He has exchanged sorrow for joy; a fading cross for an unfading crown.

386.

Thine earthly harp is all unstrung,
But heavenly strains are flowing;
Thy spirit, late with shadows hung,
In heaven's own light is glowing.

387.

To hope but little from this world
Will save thee many a sigh:
None ever found unmingled bliss
In aught beneath the sky.

388.

'Tis thine awhile in sleep to lie,
Thy winding-sheet around thy breast,
Till angels bear thee to the sky,
And welcome thee among the bless'd.

With reverence deep the pilgrim bends
O'er mouldering bones at Mecca's shrine;
More fervent and sincere the friends
Who pour their sorrows over thine.

389.

In Death's cold chains they laid me, closely bound
In this lone corner of the churchyard ground.
It matters little where my body lies;
My soul, I trust, is safe in yonder skies.

390.

Reader, to depend on thine own merits for salvation may sink thee to perdition; to depend on Christ for salvation will raise thee to the highest heaven.

391.

If friend or foe, thy comments now refrain;
Thy smiles I court not, and thy frowns are vain:
Thy praise, or thy reproach, too late is given;
My body sleeps; my spirit rests in heaven.

392.

O Thou, whose mercy roves abroad,
Whose grace is unconfin'd,
Still guard with thy protecting hand
The babes I leave behind.

Engraven deeply on their hearts
Let thy commandment be,
That there may live within their breast
None other God but thee.

393.

If the memorial of high endowments and humility of mind be grateful; if the record of good actions proceeding from proper motives be a profitable page for humanity to read; then this stone should be imperishable.

394.

Whoso enters at this door,
Reader, he must needs be poor:
Did for him the Saviour bleed?
Reader, he is rich indeed.

395.

He proudly thought that there was no hereafter; and to put an end to the troubles of time, he rashly plunged into the gulph of eternity.

396.

What, though to wintry winds the power be given
To blast awhile the blossom-bearing tree!
Beneath the milder breath of genial heaven,
Its budding glories once again shall be.

And though the spirit, fled to purer skies,
Has left the body crumbling 'neath the sod,
Once more inspir'd, this mouldering dust shall rise,
And spring exultingly to meet its God.

397.

Pilgrim to another world, remember, in the darkest dispensations of Providence, that "what we know not now we shall know hereafter."

398.

He came a pilgrim; with a smile
He rested on his way,
And sojourn'd here on earth awhile,
But could no longer stay.

He knew that Christ to heaven was gone;
And, though he lov'd mankind,
He took his staff and travell'd on,
That better world to find.

399.

He died in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection, through Christ his Saviour. O that every tombstone recorded the heavenly hopes of the dead, rather than the earthly vanities of the living!

400

If it be unseemly to approach the grave of another with unconcern, how awful to draw near thine own with thoughtlessness and folly!

401.

Alas! there's a time for the tenant of earth;
And short are his pleasures, and brief is his breath:
A season of sorrow announces his birth,
And the voice of complaining is heard in his death.

Ere long, and the dream of thy life will have fled;
Its mingled delights and vexations be o'er:
The grave will exultingly close o'er the dead,
And the eye that now sees thee shall see thee no more.

402.

There's nothing seen by human eyes,
No thought to mortals lent,
That can enable us to grasp
Eternity's extent.

Whether it prove a joy or grief,
Depends on where we go:
How bless'd, if pass'd in happiness!
How dreadful, spent in woe!

403.

She was made willing by affliction to leave earth for heaven, and anxious to exchange the society of mortals for the presence of God.

404.

And art thou desponding, and lonely, and lorn?
And art thou a wanderer, and weary, and
worn?
And dost thou look forward the wide world to
roam
In sorrow and sadness? and hast thou no home?

Has the wild ass a refuge when worn and op-
press'd?
Can the stork of the desert repose on her nest?
Has the night-bird her bower, and the lion his
lair?
And hast thou no home in this wide world of
care?

O yes: there's a Saviour who suffer'd and died
For the worn and the weary; and He can pro-
vide
The wanderer a welcome, though long he may
roam;
The friendless a friend, and the homeless a home.

Submit to his guidance, for He can control
The sins and the sorrows that burden thy soul;
The storm and the whirlwind, his creatures are
they,
And the proud waves of ocean his whispers
obey.

Trust thou in his mercy: his goodness can save
From the terrors of death, and redeem from the grave;
He shall lighten thy pathways when dark they appear,
And remove thee to heaven, and thy home shall be there.

405.

So sure as death awhile shall reign,
And bid their sorrows cease,
The dead in Christ shall rise again,
And live in joy and peace.

406.

Think, Reader, of the power of the Almighty: if it be put forth in thy favour, what shall harm thee? if it be directed against thee, who shall preserve thee from destruction?

407.

When from my friends I parted, and hasten'd to the shore,
I little thought that farewell included evermore;
But He who orders wisely in mercy had decreed,
That soon from toil and danger my spirit should be freed.

I mark'd the mighty ocean, while sitting at the
stern;
And the warm glow of devotion made my ardent
bosom burn:
My eye was calmly resting on the tranquil sea
below,
When a storm came on—the lightning flashed full
upon my brow.

Then rose the heaving billow above the mountains
high:
How awful was the season, no human succour
nigh!
My heart was nearly bursting, as I gaz'd towards
the shore,
And thought upon those dear ones whom I should
meet no more.

Our vessel wreck'd and sinking, no earthly power
could save,
And soon we found in ocean a deep and watery
grave:
But He who stills the tempest, whose wise decrees
are best,
Steer'd my soul into the haven of his eternal rest.

408.

When, stranger, thine eyes with amazement be-
hold
The sepulchre modell'd with marble and gold,
O think less of thy dust, that will moulder away,
And more of thy soul, that shall never decay.

409.

I have entered into that rest which remaineth for the people of God, where the vain shadows of time are lost in the glorious light of eternity.

410.

A gallant young captain of Albion is dead;
His windingsheet is the white billow;
The fathomless ocean now pillows his head;
His flag droops like the weeping willow.

The dear ones who saw him depart from the strand,
Linger long on the pebbled shore;
But their eyes dwell in vain on the foaming main;
They will see their young hero no more.

His voice is not heard on the loud howling winds,
Listless and long is his slumber;
Yet his spirit shall rest in the land of the bless'd,
With glorified saints without number.

411.

Though youth and health thy days adorn,
Reflect, and ponder well
On death—the resurrection morn—
The judgment—heaven and hell.

412.

Joyous and bright was my morn of life,
My noon was somewhat clouded,
Shadows prevail'd at eventide,
My night in gloom was shrouded.

But I a brighter morn shall see,
And hail Redemption's story;
Nor cloud, nor eventide, nor night,
Obscure my endless glory.

413.

He is now entered into that world where hope is lost in enjoyment, and faith is swallowed up in the unclouded visions of eternal glory.

414.

Expect not on this graven stone
To read his unknown worth,
Who trusted in the Lord alone
Through every hour on earth.

Enough that here in marble wrought
His honour'd name is given;
For that should teach thy glowing thought
To rise from earth to heaven.

415.

In solitude he lov'd to roam;
The pathless forest was his home:
He linger'd long, well-pleas'd to bide
By the rough torrent's foaming tide.

'Twas his the mountain's height to climb,
And dwell in thought on themes sublime;
The rugged steep he joy'd to tread,
While evening dews around him spread.

Rash and adventurous he stood,
Then dar'd the current's rapid flood:
But, in that hour of fearless pride,
He sank beneath the stream, and died.

416.

Sorrows of various kinds overwhelmed me; but, instead of calling upon God in the day of trouble, I thoughtlessly and impatiently rushed into the presence of the Most High, and stand convicted of self-destruction.

417.

Where thou art mouldering in the silent tomb
We come not, but are *drawn* to mourn thy doom:
Thy honour'd name, to friendship ever dear,
Asks not, demands not, but *compels* a tear.

418.

A noble work I had in view,
And cross'd the ocean wide;
I bid my native land adieu,
To preach Christ crucified.

On Afric's shore 'twas mine to roam,
Where foot-print ne'er had been,
To seek a far, far distant home
Mid many a savage scene.

My faith and love were often tried,
When fears and sickness reign'd;
But He who knew my frame, supplied
His grace, and me sustain'd.

Denied the fellowship of saints,
I sought my God in prayer,
And, freely uttering my complaints,
Found sweet communion there.

My labours prosper'd in my hand,
And many a heathen child
Began to lisp, in that far land,
The Saviour's precepts mild.

In sweet simplicity of mind
They breath'd the prayer sincere,
And often did my spirit find
A God of love was near.

My work was done; the word was given
To summon me on high;
I died; and found myself in heaven
Without a groan or sigh.

419.

Shed not thy pitying tear over him, though he was denied the gift of understanding: reserve it, rather, for those who abuse that reason which God has so mercifully bestowed upon them.

420.

If age be measur'd by the glass of Time,
His sands were run ere he had reach'd his prime;
And, though renown'd for knowledge, wisdom, truth,
And piety, and love, he died in youth.
But if by deeds, not days, we rank his years,
Then may his friends repress their starting tears,
And say, reflecting on the race he ran,
"This is the tombstone of an aged man."

421.

She felt a tender concern for the souls of her family, and was anxious to bring up her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

422.

Why reason was denied to fill
His mind who sleeps in dust,
We cannot understand; but still
We know that God is just.

Perchance the kind intent was this:—
Few earthly joys were given,
That he might more enjoy the bliss
Prepar'd for him in heaven.

423.

He died reposing in the merits of his Saviour, and exchanged, as we believe, earthly trouble for that peace of God which passeth all understanding.

424.

The victory's won, and thou art gone
From sickness, sin, and pain;
Nor dare I moan though all alone—
'Tis thine eternal gain.

425.

With friends and fortune bless'd, she felt awhile
The world's regard, the sunshine of its smile;
Then sank, alas! oppress'd by penury's smart,
A wounded spirit, and a broken heart.

When sad reverses came, her mind was prone
To mark her sorrows with a deeper groan;
Felt too acutely all the shafts of scorn,
And bent beneath what once she might have borne,

426.

Though here I moulder dark and deep,
Yet death is but a change, a sleep:
Soon in the grave thy frame may lie,
And friends lament thy memory;
But *thou canst never, never die.*

The gloomy grave has only power
To hold thy dust a little hour:
Thy soul will leave the world, and fly
To hell beneath, or heaven on high:
But *thou canst never, never die.*

427.

The good man's grave, where flowerets bloom,
Is sacred as a conqueror's tomb,
And dearer far than marble stones
The slab that guards his honour'd bones.

We call to mind his faith and trust,
And pour no sorrows o'er his dust;
But rather bid our hopes arise
To join his spirit in the skies.

428.

Wearied with earthly sorrow, and sighing for heavenly repose, she gladly committed her spirit into the hands of her Redeemer, and entered into that rest which remaineth for the people of God.

429.

If thou art rich, regard the bed of death;
The rich and poor have here one common doom:
Gold cannot lengthen out thy lingering breath,
Nor glittering ingots gild the darksome tomb.

If thou hast wealth, O mortal! use it well;
Let *now* thy store to useful ends be given:
For gold will never soothe the pains of hell,
Nor add a rapture to the joys of heaven.

430.

Dost thou on thy virtues dwell?
Try them, lest they lead to hell.
Does thy hope through Christ arise?
That shall raise thee to the skies.

431.

God had long been preparing her for an entrance into the mansions of eternal bliss, and, when we least expected it, her redeemed soul took its flight into the presence of her God and Saviour.

432.

A shipwreck'd mariner lies here asleep,
Who dar'd the dangers of the pathless deep:
This world he found an ever restless sea,
But heaven his haven shall for ever be.

433.

This frail memorial of departed worth is raised over the dust of an affectionate wife and tender mother, who closed a life of usefulness by a death of tranquillity.

434.

O fear thou not, Christian, to die!
In the grave all our troubles are o'er;
At the sound of the trump we shall fly,
And know sin and feel sorrow no more.

A season at peace and at rest,
We shall wait in this tranquil abode;
Then spring to the realms of the bless'd,
And exult in the presence of God.

435.

How numerous are the mouldering dead!
How fast our lives decline!
How soon thy tombstone may be read,
Though now thou readest mine!

436.

If man has trespass'd on thy peace,
And thou art sick and sore,
Forgive his fault, and bid him go
His way, and sin no more.

Thus spoke, when He was here below,
The Lord of earth and heaven,—
"Till thou canst every sin forgive,
Thy sins are not forgiven."

437.

In evil hour I fell, oppress'd with pain,
By bloody-minded men untimely slain:
O may they find, through Jesus crucified,
That mercy their rude hands to me denied!

438.

Could this memorial speak her worth
Till mortal mingled with the earth,
More humble, fair, or wise than she,
This tombstone would immortal be.

439.

Who can a thousand gifts impart,
And comfort thy desponding heart,
When all thy earthly joys are flown,
With heavenly hope?—*The Lord alone.*

Who can his strength and grace supply,
When thou art call'd to droop and die,
And for thy crying sins atone?—
The Lord himself—the Lord alone.

Who from the tomb can bid thee rise,
And raise thee to the kindling skies
To sit on heaven's eternal throne?—
The Lord—the Lord—the Lord alone.

440.

A thousand fears of dreadful name
Ungodly men surprise;
But O, in what a heavenly frame,
The pardon'd sinner dies!

With glory shining round his head,
And sunbeams on his breast,
He lays him calmly on his bed,
And, smiling, sinks to rest.

441.

As he once knew, who slumbers here,
Thy joy and woe, thy hope and fear,
So must thou, also, share the gloom
That gathers round him in the tomb.

442.

He passed his days in retirement, and in the practice of domestic virtue. May thy life, Reader, be as free from blame, and thy death be as deservedly lamented.

443.

When sickness came, and death appear'd,
To give her soul release,
No terrors gather'd round her heart:
Her spirit was at peace.

For though the Lord the wicked tries
With fear and dread alarms,
He gently leads his little ones,
And wins them to his arms.

O why should they repine at death,
And fear their latter end,
Who know that they shall find in God
A Father and a Friend?

She softly laid her throbbing head
On her Redeemer's breast,
And, listening to his soothing voice,
Serenely sank to rest.

444.

He was born a Briton, bred a Soldier,
Liv'd a Patriot, and died a Christian.

445

What is the heritage of the righteous?—A life of peace, a death of hope, and a resurrection to endless glory.

446.

What though thy flesh beneath the sod
Awhile shall moulder in the dust;
Yet, if thy heart be right with God,
Thou shalt not, Reader, lose thy trust.

Though clouds and darkness round thee lower,
The throne of glory thou shalt see;
And God, in wisdom, love, and power,
From sin and death shall rescue thee.

447.

In paths of usefulness he trod;
His life serenely ran
In humble reverence to his God,
In acts of love to man.

Wrapt loosely in his winding weeds
We leave him here alone,
Nor vainly grave a good man's deeds
On perishable stone.

448.

In early youth he turn'd his face
To seek the Lord of truth and grace:
No wonder then his lengthen'd days
Were pass'd in peace, in prayer, and praise.

We rais'd this stone to mark the spot
(A good man should not be forgot)
Where angels wait till he arise,
That they may bear him to the skies.

449.

If the past time has been given to thy pleasures,
O let the future be devoted to thy God.

450.

Fellow-mortal, pilgrim, stranger,
While thy footsteps wander free
Through this world of sin and danger,
Judge not, lest thou judged be.

Art thou but a young beginner?
Wouldst thou far from evil flee?
Bear in mind thou art a sinner:
Judge not, lest thou judged be.

Art thou old? let no pretences
Steel thy bosom; bend thy knee;
Think upon thine own offences:
Judge not, lest thou judged be.

Heaven and hell are wide asunder,
Joy or sorrow waits for thee;
O that I could speak in thunder—
Judge not, lest thou judged be!

Young in years, or old and hoary,
Still let mercy be thy plea;
Wouldst thou find the realms of glory,
Judge not, lest thou judged be.

451.

She was at all times resigned to the will of God, and with childlike simplicity acquiesced in His wise dispensations.

452.

When Spring was seen, my life was green,
For I was blithe and young:
When Summer smil'd, my hopes beguil'd,
My heart was hale and strong:
When Autumn, crown'd with fruits, came round,
I entertain'd no fear:
There rose, at last, the Wintry blast,
And then, they laid me here.

453.

I found it a solemn thing to die, even with a hope full of immortality; to die without that hope must be terrible.

454.

Though now unknown midst earthly strife,
Her heavenly record is on high:
Though she lie dead while death has life,
Yet will she live when death shall die.

455.

Mourn not the dead: he sleeps in Christ, to rise
When heaven's archangel calls him to the skies.
He knows no care; he hears no stormy blast;
His tears are shed, and all his pains are past.
The thorny path no more is trodden now,
A crown of glory glitters for his brow:
For every hour that here oppress'd his soul
Eternal ages of delight shall roll.
Mourn not the dead, for holy angels keep
Their hallow'd vigils o'er his couch of sleep;
Here, while their heavenly hallelujahs rise,
They wait the glance of his awakening eyes,
That they may raise him from this earthly clod,
And spread their wings, and bear him to his God.

456.

With mercies crown'd, he pass'd through every
stage,
From helpless infancy to hoary age.
God dwelt with him, while here on earth he trod,
And now, in heaven above, he dwells with God.

457.

Is beauty on thy face impress'd?
With charms unrivall'd dost thou shine?
Thy slumbering sister once possess'd
As fair a form as thine.

Does genius sparkle in thine eyes,
And wit and wisdom from thee flow?
Alas! as witty and as wise
Was she who lies below.

The treasures of the mind are fair;
And O, how sweet is beauty's bloom!
But yet they cannot chase despair,
Nor keep thee from the tomb.

Trust thou the Ruler of the skies,
Then, when thy tomb is riven,
Thy frail and mouldering dust shall rise
To light and love in heaven.

458.

How peaceful is the grave! They say
That angels guard the good man's clay,
And day and night their vigils keep
Where he reclines in slumber deep.
If this be true, with reverence tread
The turf that wraps his honour'd head,
For angels wave their wings around;
And, Reader, *this* is holy ground.

459.

Reader, without the constant aid of divine grace, we must fall; but, through that mighty assistance, we shall be more than conquerors.

460.

Let others fondly seek the vain reward,
The fleeting phantom of this world's regard;
Be theirs at every hazard to be great,
To live in splendour, and to rot in state:
But, Christian, thou with nobler views must rise!
This world thy prison-house, thine home the skies.
Leave then the proud to grasp the rod of power,
The glittering baubles of an earthly hour,
To bid the prostrate throng in homage bow,
And place a diadem upon their brow:
Thy crown with brighter gems than theirs shall shine;
Earth is their kingdom, *heaven* above is thine.

461.

Live near to God in this world, if thou wouldst dwell with him in that which is to come.

462.

O'er the dusty bed reclining
Where thine eyes are seal'd in sleep,
How shall I repress repining?
How shall I forbear to weep?

Guardian, guide, and kind protector,
More to me than tongue can tell,
Childhood's stay, and youth's director,
Friend and father, fare thee well!

463.

What are power and dominion, when the sword and the sceptre will be hidden by the gloom of the grave, and the diadem covered with the dust of death?

464.

The battle-blast was loudly blown,
And standards wav'd in air;
Ambition, fame, and victory,
And glory, glitter'd there.

The bloody waves of war ran high;
And in that crimson tide,
A thousand manly bosoms bled—
A thousand brethren died.

I fiercely fought; my hand was red
With gore: the slaughter'd foe
Fell round me, till a stronger arm
Subdued, and laid me low.

Oppress'd with wounds, I linger'd long,
Till God subdued my pride,
And taught me by his grace to seek
A Saviour crucified.

I learn'd to hate thee, cruel war:
This stone is rais'd in view,
That all who gaze upon my grave
May learn to hate thee too.

465.

Through youth and honour'd age his life was
spent
In deeds of love; and death was only sent
To place him nearer His almighty throne
Whom he so long had serv'd, and serv'd alone.

466.

We could not raise a monument commensurate to his merit, we have therefore erected one in agreement with his modesty.

467.

O what is the sum of earthly things?
And what thy fleeting breath?
If thou art alone, then read my stone,
And ponder awhile on death.
Prepare for thine end as thou look'st on the tomb
If thou wouldst salvation see,
For the fearful fall that will come to all
Is certain to come to thee.

Sickness will come, and the hour will come
When hope shall be no more;
Thy friend's last sigh, and the glance of his eye,
As he leaves thy chamber-door.
Sorrow will come, and pain will come,
And steal thy lingering breath;
And darkness profound will gather around,
And leave thee alone in death.

Thy shroud will come, and thy coffin will come,
And the grave where corruption lies;
And the trumpet-blast will be heard at last,
And the quick and the dead will arise.
Saints will come, and the Judge will come,
And as thou hast done ill or well,
Thy soul with delight, or in blackest night,
Will depart for heaven or hell.

468.

Though the root of the oak may delve deep in the ground,
Yet the leaf-laden branch will exultingly rise;
Though the dust of our friend in the tomb may be found,
Yet his spirit triumphantly soars in the skies.

469.

He liv'd in faith; and, trusting in his God,
Through rough and thorny paths he meekly trod:
He died in peace; and, through redeeming grace,
The heaven of heavens is now his dwelling-place.

470.

How soon are they forgotten whom the grave has covered!

471.

With erring heart I went astray
In paths of sin, and wander'd wide,
Till Mercy met me in my way,
And softly whisper'd, "Jesus died."

Offended at that sudden sound
Indignantly I turn'd aside;
But still the voice was heard around,
And still it whisper'd, "Jesus died."

Then Justice cross'd my path, and stood
Erect and stern to quell my pride;
His glittering sword was bath'd in blood,
Ah, well for me that Jesus died!

"Come forth, thou traitor to thy God!"
His voice in thundering accents cried:
Oppress'd, I sank upon the sod,
And faintly answer'd, "Jesus died."

E'en as I faulter'd forth the word,
He strove his blushing face to hide,
And sheath'd in haste his blood-stain'd sword,
And then I shouted, "Jesus died!"

472.

She earnestly sought and found grace with Jesus, and was happy in the conviction that she should soon see Him face to face in whom she believed, and rejoiced with joy unspeakable.

473.

Faith sees a light that gilds the cloud,
And dissipates the darkest gloom:
It hears a voice that cries aloud
Amid the silence of the tomb.

The light is Bethlehem's brighter star,
To ransom'd sinners freely given;
The voice it echoes from afar,
"*Fear not to die, thy home is heaven.*"

474.

A lowly follower of the Lord above:
While here on earth his soul on heaven was bent;
His words were kindness, and his deeds were love,
His spirit humble, and his life well spent:
These then, and not this stone, shall be his monument.

475.

Though hard it be with meekness to endure
The pangs of want and woe, despis'd and poor;
Yet O, how sweet from poverty and pain
To be remov'd with God himself to reign!

Ere now thy spirit bless'd has learn'd to know
What snares encompass greatness here below;
From heavenly joys on earthly crimes look'd down,
And thank'd thy God thou didst not wear a crown.

476.

He looked forward to heaven, not as the reward of a virtuous life, but as the free gift of God to a pardoned sinner, justified by faith in Jesus Christ.

477.

Well may ye weep, proud minions of an hour,
Mid mouldering marble and decaying rhymes,
That earthly grandeur has so little power
To hand her greatness down to future times.
Though gorgeous pyramids in ruin lie,
The Christian's hope uninjur'd still remains:
His faith is firm; his record is on high;
His monument the heaven of heavens contains.

478.

Be humble and patient, and learn to forgive,
For if God in his wrath were severe
To mark the transgressions of all that live,
O where would the sinner appear?

Let the mercy thou needest to others be shewn,
Lest God their avenger should be,
And when tempests of anger are launch'd from his throne,
His lightnings should fall upon thee.

479.

May we who still wander in the wilderness, look forward with holy hope to meet thee in the land of promised rest!

480.

By grief and pain and trouble often tried,
He built his monument before he died,
More durable by far than sculptur'd stone:
His record is a well-spent life alone.

481.

Here, wrapp'd in death, frail men have found
One common level in the ground:
The poor, the rich, the low, the high,
In undistinguish'd ruin lie.
The tombstone may impart to thee
The difference in their past degree,
But thou that knowledge ne'er couldst know
From the poor mouldering earth below.

Dost thou in titles put thy trust?
Come, tell me which is noble dust,
For I, alas! when gazing here,
Know not the peasant from the peer;
Nor can I, after pondering long,
Point out, amidst the faded throng,
The master from his meanest slave,
They look so like when in the grave.

Dost thou from riches hope to gain
Distinction in this dark domain?
First with thy finger learn to trace
Past greatness in a faded face.
Thy gold, though bright its glittering ray,
Will never keep thee from decay:
When slumbering 'neath the churchyard stone,
The rich and poor appear as one.

Learn then the truth, whate'er thy trust,
That mortals are but mouldering dust;
And all, despite their glare or gloom,
Shall be forgotten in the tomb.
Know too, that none who breathe on earth,
Whate'er their riches, power, or birth,
But those who trust in Jesus' grace,
Shall find in heaven a dwelling-place.

482.

The unbeliever may *endure* to die; the believer alone can *rejoice* in death.

483.

Go raise on high thy monumental bust,
And bid thy name in mournful splendour shine,
No sculptur'd effigy shall mock my dust—
No name shall grace the spot where I recline.
Though gilded marble o'er thy grave be spread;
Though here I lie beneath this mouldering stone;
Yet, Reader, when a few short years have fled,
Thy name and mine shall be alike unknown.

484.

Though his eyes were sealed in blindness, we believe, O Lord, that his spirit discerned "thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people; a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel."

485.

E'en as the child that wanders from his home
Through flowery fields and unknown paths to roam,
Scar'd by unlook'd-for dangers and alarms
In breathless haste seeks his fond parents' arms;
So, tried by trouble, her enfranchis'd soul
Escap'd exultingly this world's control,
Turn'd from the thorny path in sorrow trod,
And sought with joy her Saviour and her God.

486.

As thou canst neither prolong life, delay death, nor avoid the judgment; so it becomes thee to reflect on the worm which never dieth, and on the joy which endureth for ever.

487.

He was a youthful Christian of bright hope and promise; for his mind was richly endued with human learning, and his soul enlightened and purified by divine grace.

488.

When youth a thousand blessings brought,
And every object pleasure gave,
How fair the scenes that fancy wrought!
No wonder that my boyhood thought
But lightly on the grave.

When manhood came my brow was bound
With added cares, but bold and brave;
Alas! I still was thoughtless found:
Then sickness spread his glooms around,
And cried, "The grave!—The grave!"

At last old age, with stern decree,
Drew near, and nought my life could save:
As pain and weakness call'd on me,
So now I loudly call to thee,
The grave!—The grave!—The grave!

489.

Fourscore were the years of his earthly life,
And he wish'd not to pass them again,
For he found that the days of a lengthen'd life
Are but labour, and sorrow, and pain.

The truth of this portion of Scripture he knew,
And he firmly believ'd in the rest,
And look'd forward through Christ, who is faithful and true,
In the mansions above to be bless'd.

490.

Look round upon this scene of death,
And take a word of warning:
Improve the light, nor leave till night
The business of the morning.

The fool through every passing hour,
Beset with sin and sorrow,
Puts far away his dying day,
Though that may be to-morrow.

The wise man dares not waste his time,
Lest life and health forsake him;
Where'er he goes, full well he knows
That death will soon o'ertake him.

O wouldst thou from the page of truth,
A useful lesson borrow;
Go on thy way, improve to-day,
And bless'd shall be to-morrow.

491.

Though through this wilderness I wander'd blind,
God pour'd the light of truth upon my mind:
His glorious Gospel well supplied my need;
His grace my soul from doubt and darkness freed.
"Let there be light," he cried, "and there was light," indeed!

492.

Upheld in gladness and in gloom,
Hope, faith, and joy were given;
Sure as her dust is in the tomb,
Her soul is gone to heaven.

493.

When, in contemplating the grave, the rich feel themselves to be poor; when the strong are feeble, and the brave tremble;—then the Christian, undismayed, can say, "Though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."

494.

I lov'd thee, fond partner, and love was thy due—
I lov'd thee, fond partner, and tenderly too:
My wish for thy welfare was fervent and free,
And the heart in my bosom beat warmly for thee.

I cannot forget thee, but cling to the scene
Where, in days that are faded, thy footprints have been—
Where in moments of joy we have wander'd alone,
And, with all its fond beatings, thy heart was my own.

When my spirit is sad, and my bosom oppress'd,
Thy faith in thy Saviour gives peace to my breast;
I remember thy love, thine affection for me,
And I smile mid my sorrows when thinking of thee.

I smile, though my pathway is shrouded with gloom—
I smile, though thy dust is consign'd to the tomb;
For I gaze on the skies when most bright they appear,
As thy heaven and thy home, and I long to be there.

495.

With the bright hope of immortality we commit her mortal remains to the tomb, having full faith in the merits of that Redeemer in whom she wholly trusted, and believing, as she believed, in "the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting."

496.

Think not that earthly bliss can last
To bless the happy-hearted:
O no; the grave must first be pass'd
Ere joy and pain are parted.

For sorrow's tear and rapture's ray
On earth are closely mated,
And disappointment drives away
The dream that hope created.

497.

This mouldering stone, thou passer-by,
Is rais'd to catch thy wandering eye;
To bid thee from thy sins refrain,
And tell thee *godliness is gain.*

The tenant of this grave below
Felt comfort in this world of woe;
He found in peril, grief, and pain,
The truth that *godliness is gain.*

If thou wilt fix where troubles roam,
In this rude wilderness thy home,
Thy hope is lost, thy labour vain:
O, Reader, *godliness is gain.*

But if with humble heart, through grace,
Thou seek'st a heavenly dwelling-place,
Renounce thy fears, thy faith sustain;
Remember, *godliness is gain.*

Thy life is hurrying fast away;
This world will crumble in decay:
Again, if heaven thou wouldst obtain,
I tell thee, *godliness is gain.*

498.

O tongue can never tell, nor rhymes impart,
The wild idolatry that mov'd my heart,
When all I sought for, the wide world around,
My conscious breast in one bright being found.

For she was fair and wise, and every hour
I felt the dear delirium of her power,
Thrilling the tremulous chords of life along:
Her deeds were kindness, tenderness her tongue.

In vain she strove to lead my thoughts above,
And blend with wisdom my ungovern'd love;
Her gentle voice rebuk'd my wayward will,
I heeded not, and now that voice is still.

While here I gaze upon her mouldering stone
My heart is strengthen'd by one hope alone,—
That, purified by grace, my soul may rise,
And trace her glorious pathway to the skies.

499.

When sculptur'd monuments, adorn'd with rhymes,
Perpetuate worthless names, and varnish crimes,
We blush that lagging time should move so slow
To rend their records, and to lay them low:
But when the sepulchre is made to shine
With honour'd deeds and virtues such as thine,
O then it is we heave an honest sigh,
That marble is not immortality!

500.

What though they mouldering lie beneath the sod,
The dead in Christ shall rise and live with God:
If this be true, no Christian need complain—
If this be false, all other hopes are vain.

This world must ever prove a world of woe,
For Christ has told us that it would be so;
But He has promis'd shelter mid the blast,
And heavenly joys when earthly woes are pass'd.

Press boldly onward then, through flood and flame,
To heaven above, in thy Redeemer's name:
Though dark thy pathway, bright shall be its end,
Thy judge thy Saviour, and thy God thy friend.

APPROPRIATE

TEXTS OF SCRIPTURE.

Rev. ii. 10.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.

Psalm lxxiii. 26.

My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.

Rev. xiv. 13.

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.

Prov. xxvii. 1.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.

Rev. xx. 6.

Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power.

Heb. xi. 13.

These all died in faith.

Rev. xxi. 4.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.

Gen. iii. 19.

Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.

Eccles. viii. 8.

There is no discharge in that war.

Phil. iii. 21.

Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself.

Matt. xxiv. 42.

Watch, therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.

John v. 28, 29.

The hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation.

1 Sam. xx. 22.

The Lord hath sent thee away.

Prov. xiv. 32.

The wicked is driven away in his wickedness: but the righteous hath hope in his death.

Cant. ii. 17.

Until the day break, and the shadows flee away.

Rev. vii. 16, 17.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Gen. xxxi. 49.

The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another.

Matt. x. 32.

Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven.

Zech. i. 5.

Where are they?

Josh. xxiii. 14.

And, behold, this day I am going the way of all the earth: and ye know in all your hearts and in all your souls, that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you; all are come to pass unto you, and not one thing hath failed thereof.

Job xvi. 19.

Behold, my witness is in heaven, and my record is on high.

1 Sam. xx. 18.

And thou shalt be missed.

1 Sam. xx. 3.

As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death.

Jer. xv. 9.

Her sun is gone down while it was yet day.

2 Chron. xxxiv. 28.

I will gather thee to thy fathers, and thou shalt be gathered to thy grave in peace.

Isaiah xxv. 8.

He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces.

2 Cor. v. 10.

For we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.

Heb. xi. 10.

He looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

Matt. x. 28.

Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear Him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.

Psalm cxvi. 15.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.

1 Cor. xv. 55.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

1 Cor. xv. 20—22.

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

Job xvii. 14.

I have said to corruption, Thou art my father: to the worm, Thou art my mother, and my sister.

Psalm xxxvii. 37.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.

Acts vii. 59.

Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.

Luke xv. 7.

Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.

Job xix. 25, 26.

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.

Matt. xxiv. 13.

He that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved.

Rom. viii. 38, 39.

I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

John viii. 52.

If a man keep my saying, he shall never taste of death.

Psalm xxxiv. 19.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

2 Kings ii. 12.

My father, my father!

Matt. iv. 17.

Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

Psalm ciii. 14.

He knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

Ephes. ii. 8.

For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God.

Eccles. xii. 1.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

1 John ii. 17.

The world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.

Matt. vi. 21.

Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

Psalm ciii. 15, 16.

As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

Ezek. xxiv. 16.

Behold, I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke.

Dan. xii. 3.

And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.

Psalm xxxii. 1.

Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

Psalm xc. 10.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

Rom. vi. 5.

For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection.

Psalm xlix. 15.

God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave: for he shall receive me.

Psalm lxviii. 20.

He that is our God is the God of salvation; and unto God the Lord belong the issues from death.

2 Sam. i. 26.

I am distressed for thee, my brother.

2 Tim. i. 12.

I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.

2 Pet. iii. 13.

Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

2 Sam. xii. 23.

I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.

Psalm xc. 9.

We spend our years as a tale that is told.

1 Cor. xv. 42—44.

It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body.

Isaiah xlviii. 10.

Behold, I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.

Psalm cxxvi. 5.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

Rom. v. 8, 9.

God commendeth his love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him.

Psalm lxxxix. 48

What man is he that liveth, and shall not see death?

2 Cor. v. 1.

We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

1 Cor. ii. 9.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

John x. 28.

And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.

John xvii. 24.

Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me: for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world.

1 Chron. xxix. 15.

Our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding.

Rev. xxii. 14.

Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

Rev. xxi. 7.

He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.

2 Cor. iv. 17.

For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

Matt. v. 3.

Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Heb. v. 9.

He became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him.

Matt. v. 7.

Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy.

Prov. xxxi. 30.

Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

1 Cor. xv. 56, 57.

The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

2 Sam. xiv. 14.

For we must needs die, and are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again: neither doth God respect any person; yet doth he devise means that his banished be not expelled from him.

Prov. viii. 17.

I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me.

Isaiah liv. 7, 8.

For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer.

Eccles. xii. 7.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

Matt. xix. 14.

Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

John xi. 25.

I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

2 Sam. i. 23.

In their death they were not divided.

Matt. vii. 1.

Judge not, that ye be not judged.

Rev. iii. 5.

He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before his angels.

John iii. 16.

God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Eccles. xii. 14.

For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

Rev. ii. 11.

He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death.

Titus iii. 5.

Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost.

Matt. x. 38.

He that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me.

Psalm xxxi. 19.

O how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee!

2 Kings xiv. 3.

He did that which was right in the sight of the Lord.

2 Tim. i. 10.

Our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel.

Acts xvii. 31.

He hath appointed a day in the which he will judge the world in righteousness.

Job xiv. 10.

Man dieth, and wasteth away: yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?

Matt. xxi. 16.

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.

Isaiah iii. 10.

Say ye to the righteous, that it shall be well with him.

Job xxi. 23, 25, 26.

One dieth in his full strength, being wholly at ease and quiet. Another dieth in the bitterness of his soul. They shall lie down alike in the dust, and the worms shall cover them.

Deut. xxxii. 29.

O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!

Luke xx. 36.

Neither can they die any more: for they are equal unto the angels; and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection.

Num. xxiii. 10.

Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!

2 Kings xx. 1.

Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live.

Titus ii. 13.

Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Ephes. iv 30.

Sealed unto the day of redemption.

Matt. vi. 20.

Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.

Psalm xc. 12.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Rev. xxi. 4.

The former things are passed away.

Job xiv. 12.

So man lieth down, and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep.

Psalm xxxix. 4.

Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am.

Matt. xxiv. 44.

Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh.

1 Tim. vi. 7.

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out.

Isaiah li. 11.

The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head: they shall obtain gladness and joy; and sorrow and mourning shall flee away.

Matt. vi. 19.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal.

Rom. xiv. 9.

For to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living.

1 Cor. xv. 51—53.

We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

Psalm lviii. 11.

Verily there is a reward for the righteous.

Rom. xiv. 8

Whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.

Heb. iv. 3

We which have believed do enter into rest.

James iv. 14.

Ye know not what shall be on the morrow: For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.

1 Cor. xv. 54.

When this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

1 Sam. xx. 23.

The Lord be between thee and me for ever.

Job iii. 17.

There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest.

Psalm lxxiii. 24.

Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.

1 Cor. xv. 26.

The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.

Matt. vi. 24.

Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

Job i. 21.

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord.

1 Sam. iii. 18.

It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him good.

Psalm lxxxiv. 11.

The Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

Isaiah lx. 20.

Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.

Hosea xiii. 14.

I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death: O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction!

Eccles. i. 14.

I have seen all the works that are done under the sun; and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

Psalm xxxvii. 18.

The Lord knoweth the days of the upright; and their inheritance shall be for ever.

1 Thess. iv. 14.

If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

Psalm cxxv. 1.

They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever.

Prov. xvi. 31.

The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.

Rom. vi. 23.

The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Heb. iv. 9.

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.

Job iii. 19.

The small and great are there; and the servant is free from his master.

Matt. xiii. 43.

Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father.

Psalm xxxiv. 6.

This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.

Isaiah lvii. 1.

The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart: and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come.

Deut. xxxiii. 27.

The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.

Job vii. 10.

He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more.

Job xiv. 15.

Thou shalt call, and I will answer thee: thou wilt have a desire to the work of thine hands.

2 Sam. iii. 34.

As a man falleth before wicked men, so fellest thou.

Job xiv. 20.

Thou changest his countenance, and sendest him away.

Rom. iv. 20, 21.

He staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief; but was strong in faith, giving glory to God; and being fully persuaded that, what he had promised, he was able also to perform.

Psalm xvii. 15.

As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.

Psalm xxxvii. 4, 5.

Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.

Rom. xiv. 12.

So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God.

FINIS.

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